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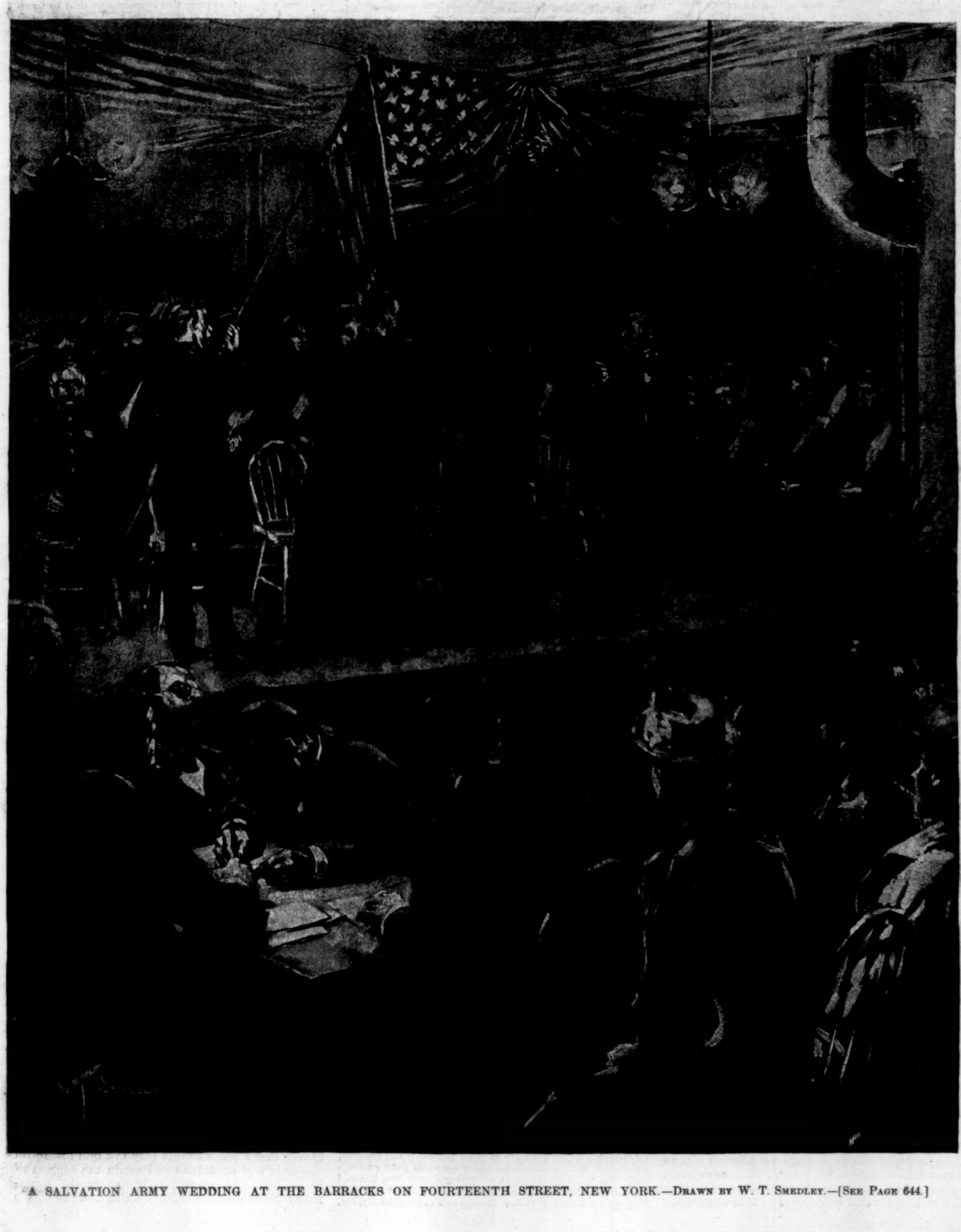

A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING AT THE BARRACKS ON FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 644.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. 616 of **Harper's Young People,** *published on August 18th, is peculiarly a summer number. In its leading article* Mr. Edmund Collins *gives clear directions for following one of the most fascinating of summer pursuits,* "The Collecting and Preserving of Sea-Plants." *In Part II. of the* "Moon Prince" Mr. Munkittrick *develops a faculty for the weaving of charming extravaganzas, only equalled by that of the talented author of* "Alice in Wonderland." *A most timely article on* "Lawn-Tennis" *is furnished by* Oliver S. Campbell, *the tennis champion of America.* Miss Sophie Swett's *serial,* "Flying Hill Farm," *a story of American country life, increases in interest as its plot thickens, which it does most decidedly in this instalment. Besides these, the current number contains capital short stories by* David Ker, Marion Dickinson, *and* Hillary Bell; *timely articles, poems, and many illustrations drawn by well-known artists.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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MR. BLAINE AND 1892.

THE nomination of Mr. Blaine by the Republican Convention next year has become again a possibility. The reaction of feeling from the accounts of the total failure of his health has produced in many quarters a belief that he is not seriously ill, and several county conventions in Pennsylvania have declared for him as a candidate. Some papers in the western part of the State also advocate his nomination in the strongest terms, and Senators Quay and Cameron are said earnestly to desire it. Secretary Noble is reported as saying that if Mr. Blaine should consent, he would be nominated by acclamation. The resolution of one of the conventions shows the form in which the Blaine feeling everywhere expresses itself:

> "The Republicans of Mercer County, recognizing in James G. Blaine a statesman whose advocacy of the party's principles in the House and Senate and before the people has drawn to its ranks hosts of adherents, whose dignified and manly management of foreign affairs has gained for the nation the respect and admiration of the world as Secretary of State and as a citizen, whose ability and zeal pre-eminently fit him for that high position, do hereby declare him our choice for President in 1892."

The Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, the chief Republican paper in Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia, declares in a double-leaded leader that Mr. Blaine will be nominated by acclamation; and the Pittsburg *Times*, the organ of a well-known Republican politician, says:

> "James G. Blaine is a stronger and more available candidate in every way than he ever was before, pre-eminently the representative of aggressive and progressive Republicanism. It waits for every indication of his state of health with a determination which is rapidly crystallizing to make him its Presidential candidate without or against his will, if needs be, feeling, so far as his health is concerned, akin to that which prompted the Spanish chivalry of old to set the dead corpse of the Cid Campeador in the forefront of their battle, and confound the enemy with the sight of his charging banner. Blaine is good enough to win with, with or without the Pennsylvania Senators, and they have been shrewder and earlier than the *Press* in seeing it."

This allusion to the Philadelphia *Press* refers to an article in that paper, of which our Minister to Russia is the editor-in-chief, which deprecates the preference for Mr. Blaine, and reveals an apprehension that the great protection State will pronounce decisively for the champion of reciprocity. In all Republican meetings and conventions Mr. Blaine's name is greeted with vociferous acclamation. No Republican leader has ever been so personally popular as Mr. Blaine; not Seward, Chase, or Sumner; nor Mr. Lincoln, during his life; nor General Grant, whose popularity was not that of a party leader. Mr. Blaine's position in his party is like that of Henry Clay among the Whigs sixty years ago. He is without a rival. His defeat in 1884 has not impaired his prestige, as Clay's defeat at the election of 1832 and in the nominating Convention of 1840 did not prevent his enthusiastic selection as the candidate in 1844. The charges against Mr. Blaine in 1884, although leading to the mugwump secession and his defeat at the polls, have not affected him in the general estimate of his party. They are classed by many of his supporters with the charges against Clay of bargain and corruption in 1824 when John Quincy Adams was elected; and by many his election as Senator, and his position in two administrations as Secretary of State, are regarded as a sufficient exculpation. His hold upon his party is shown most clearly by his bold challenge of the McKinley tariff at the very moment when the party acceptance of it as the party platform was most universal and unquestioning, and by his ability to compel a Republican Congress to adopt his scheme as an essential provision of the tariff.

In that incident Mr. Blaine showed himself stronger than his party. This is still more apparent since the election of 1890, which was held by many Republicans to be a condemnation, although, as the party held, an ignorant condemnation, of the McKinley policy. But in that disastrous moment it was seen that Mr. Blaine's reciprocity scheme opened a way of escape for the party, which gladly recognized in him its master. No Republican in the country shares with him his ascendency in Republican admiration and pride. Mr. Foraker's remark in the Ohio Convention expressed, undoubtedly, the general party feeling—if there were no doubt of the actual condition of his health there would be no question of his enthusiastic nomination next year. Mr. Blaine has cast a glamour upon Republican eyes, and should he consent to the nomination, President Harrison's supporters would be instantly condemned as a mere office-holding squad. Should Mr. Blaine refuse, there is no other Republican who has an especially strong personal hold upon the party, and Mr. Harrison would undoubtedly be nominated. Meanwhile the reasons that produced the result in 1884 remain unchanged.

MILWAUKEE.

A RECENT article in the Weekly upon the city of Milwaukee has been severely criticised in that city as unjust, and we have received a very courteous letter correcting some of the statements made by the author of the article, who did not conceal his name. No reader would attribute to him an unfriendly spirit, however he might differ with some of the conclusions of the article. Still less could any such feeling be ascribed to the Weekly. Generalizations and conclusions in such a survey of a great community will necessarily differ, but inaccurate statements of fact, whenever brought to our attention, we shall always gladly hasten to correct. It is evident that such misstatements occur in the article to which we refer, and we regret that they should have escaped our observation. We publish with pleasure the correction by our correspondent, which has been approved by Mr. C. C. Rogers, President of the Association for the Advancement of Milwaukee.

After speaking of the local effect produced by the article, our correspondent proceeds in a strain of local pride which is always the sign of a public-spirited community:

> "Even on the supposition that the article dates back two or three years, the figures mentioned in way of statistics are 'way off' for that time, while for the present they seem simply preposterous. For instance, your correspondent states that total manufactures for the year were $35,000,000, when, as a matter of fact, the aggregate of our manufactories in 1890 exceeded $106,000,000, and this year will amount to not less than $115,000,000. The inference the reader must arrive at is clearly to the effect that the making of beer is the 'Alpha and Omega' of our manufacturing interests, and that all outside of that article is of but little consequence, hardly worth mentioning. We are fortunately in a position to prove the utter fallacy of his statements on this point. We look upon the brewing interest as one of our leading industries, and are proud to state that some of our best and most public-spirited citizens are engaged in that line of business. A large proportion of our people also believe that the manufacture of pure malt liquors, in which our brewers were practically the pioneers in this country, together with large production of pure grape wines in the West and South, has been a leading factor in the true cause of temperance reform, as viewed from the stand-point of the practical humanitarian.
>
> "In order to show that we produce a few things besides beer, and are a pretty fair town to live in, let me mention a few facts and figures:
>
> "During the year 1890 we packed and shipped meats and provisions to the amount of $11,000,000; manufactured engines and machinery, $5,500,000; other production of iron and brass, $8,500,000; leather, $5,500,000; men's clothing, $6,750,000; manufactures of wood, $4,500,000; flour, $3,500,000; barley and malt, outside of breweries, $2,000,000; cigars and tobacco, $1,500,000; confectionery, $1,250,000; gloves and mittens, $1,500,000; tinware, $1,500,000.
>
> "Our population is fully 225,000, now increasing more rapidly than at any time in our previous history. The death-rate in this city is the lowest of any city of its population in the country. Our mortgage debt is the smallest 'per capita' of any large city in the country. We *have* and *need* the smallest police force of any city of its size. Our public schools are unexcelled anywhere in the world. Our public credit is first class, and our debt is very light.
>
> "The statement that three-quarters of our population is of German origin is disproved by report of the census; but were it correct, it would only be considered as an additional fact in our favor, for there is little if any difference of opinion among fair-minded people that *in the long-run* there is absolutely no better class of population for settling a new section of country or for laying the foundation of a great city. Our history clearly proves this fact. It is true that for very rapid progress, ordinarily called 'booming,' the Germans may be too conservative in their methods, and their action may appear antagonistic to the interest of the 'pushers' of their generation, but they are sure to lay a sound foundation for the future, and our city is now reaping the benefits of their early conservatism, enjoying an era of great prosperity and progress, while other cities which in the past made much greater pretensions than 'slow Milwaukee' are suffering greatly from financial depression and consequent reaction. We have, it is true, ceased long ago our endeavors to rival Chicago as a commercial city, but, on the other hand, we are rapidly coming up to her as a manufacturing centre, and hope soon to pass her in the race, for it is the opinion of many competent authorities who have thoroughly investigated the subject that Milwaukee, with her wonderful advantages, is bound to become the great manufacturing city of the West, and will soon rival its great Eastern competitors.
>
> "In this connection it may be well to state that much has been said about the small amount of outside capital invested in this city, and unfavorable comment has been caused thereby. This fact, however, instead of being used as an argument against us, is in reality one of the strongest points in our favor. The capital invested here is largely owned by our own citizens, and while many of our neighbors are now suffering greatly owing to Eastern and foreign capital being withdrawn, our finances are thoroughly stable, and cannot at any time be materially affected by disturbances in the great money centres of the world. Some years ago the writer showed an Eastern gentleman interested in financial and manufacturing affairs through one of our immense establishments manufacturing steam-engines and mill machinery, and now employing thousands of operatives and millions of capital. On being informed that this was exclusively a Milwaukee enterprise, evolved during my recollection from very small beginnings, he was free to acknowledge that facts as presented were the very strongest arguments to prove that circumstances must be favorable for the manufacture of engines and mill machinery in this city, for the reason that the capital was all earned in the business. The history of this establishment is practically the history of nearly all our large manufacturing and commercial houses.
>
> "There is little difference of opinion that there are no better skilled workmen than the boys of German parentage trained and educated in this country, and that the descendants of the ultra-conservative Germans before mentioned make the very best element for the building up of a great city which has arrived at the point of ours, namely, where the foundation has been laid broad and deep, and is ready for a great superstructure, combining, as they do, in a great measure the caution of the German with the progressive spirit of the Yankee."

A CLEAN CONTEST.

WE alluded last week to the fact, which Mr. Clarkson remarked last winter, that the tendency of the young men in Massachusetts is to the Democratic party. Mr. Clarkson thinks that this tendency should be arrested by the newspapers, which should set forth the reasons why the Republican party is distinctly the party of intelligence, conscience, good order, patriotism, sound national policy, and honest politics. But Mr. Clarkson's observation seems not to have included the fact that the young men who were the subjects of his remarks are peculiarly intelligent and enlightened. It is, indeed, because they read and think that they have come to the conclusion that the prospects of progress and reform and honest government are fairer at present with the Democratic party, and that as what is called protection of labor is really favor to capital, upon which the party relies for the golden sinews of political war, Republican ascendency, with a high tariff, promises general corruption of politics. It is because they read and think that they do not acknowledge the assertion that the Democrats are as bad as the Republicans to be a conclusive reason for supporting any policy or measure that the Republicans may choose to approve, or any candidate whom they may choose to nominate.

That one party is as bad as another is not a strong argument with men of convictions, ability, and courage, who see that they can control one party against another controlled by men whom they do not trust. In New York it may be said plausibly that the support of a party led by Governor Hill is not better than that of a party led by Mr. Platt. But when such honors are easy, the young man looks at other things. He considers the views professed by both parties, the general party tendency, whether it is up or down, their recent history, their apparent attraction for young and intelligent and patriotic men, their comparative prospect of escape from corrupt control, and a thousand other circumstances, the aggregate of which determines the vote of sensible men. He is not concluded by the sole fact that Mr. Platt commands in one camp and Governor Hill in the other. His decision is determined by a survey of probabilities and circumstances, as well as of all the facts.

In Massachusetts one of the good results of the tendency of intelligent young men to the Democratic party is the probable Republican nomination of Mr. Crapo for the Governorship. Governor Russell will be undoubtedly renominated by the Democrats, and the result will be that each party will be represented by a candidate of the highest personal character and fitness, with a public experience which, in the case of Mr. Crapo, is of long duration. But it may be said safely that except for the Republican defeat of last year, Mr. Crapo would not be nominated. Before this year other candidates of no superior qualifications have been preferred to him. But the party, finding that the neglect of men like Mr. Crapo has naturally led to party disaster, now turns to him; and it is undoubtedly true that if such men as Mr. Crapo, and the honesty in politics which they represent, had been constantly favored by the party, its young men would not now find better promise in Democratic ascendency. If it be true, as one of the Republican leaders in Massachusetts is said to have remarked to an independent but ambitious young Republican, "If you want to succeed, you can't be always running in and out of the party," it is equally true that a party cannot play fast and loose with measures and candidates and retain the support of honest men who are politically in earnest. Fortunately the nomination of Messrs. Russell and Crapo will insure in Massachussetts a campaign of principles and policies, and not of mere personality, and the result will be indicative of the actual political sympathy of the State.

THE GRAND ARMY AND THE COLOR LINE.

The recent meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit is said to have been the largest in its annals. The warmth of its welcome was evidently very great, and the parade of the line was a very impressive and touching spectacle. Ex-President Hayes's speech upon presenting a badge to the retiring Commander, General Veazey, and the General's reply, were both exceedingly felicitous, and the Commander's speech to the Grand Army was remarkable for its treatment of the burning topic in the deliberations of the encampment, which was the proposition to draw a color line in the Grand Army. The white members of the Louisiana posts represented that the equal admission of colored members to the posts resulted in a colored majority, and so placed the white minority under control of the blacks, which that minority could not tolerate. They asked, therefore, that authority be granted to establish in the State a colored department of the Grand Army. General Veazey, who is a Republican from Vermont, without any sympathy whatever with the harsh treatment of colored citizens, admitting the difficulty of the question, upon the whole favored the separation by color. But the proposition to that effect was defeated in the encampment by an overwhelming vote.

Any other result would have been surprising. The Grand Army, as we understand, recognizes no distinctions among its members arising from political or religious opinion, from race, birthplace, or color. All honorable soldiers of the Union are, as such, equally eligible as members of the Grand Army. They are not, for that reason, however, brought into other social relations than all members of societies for specific purposes. A proposition to organize a department of the Grand Army on sectarian or political grounds would be acknowledged as fatal to the objects of the association. A Methodist and Baptist, an orthodox and agnostic department would be as ludicrous as a Republican and Democratic and Independent classification. There were no such distinctions in the army service. All honorable soldiers were equal, and if a Methodist recruit found it impossible to touch elbows with a Baptist or a Presbyterian, he was not compelled to enlist.

It is not a question of the agreeableness of a majority, but of the conditions of membership in the Grand Army. If a sectarian minority in any department should ask to have an organization of their own sect, ought the whole body of the organization to authorize such a division? If the minority should secede, would that be a reason for reconsideration and authorizing the division? Undoubtedly intelligent men do not like to be controlled by ignorant men. But there are plenty of associations where an intelligent minority must yield to the ignorant majority or withdraw. Mr. Decker said in the debate that there are colored churches, and why not colored departments of the Grand Army? Because colored churches are purely voluntary associations, and in the instances where the colored people are formally excluded by the whites on account of color, it is not doubted that the action is inconsistent with the Christian spirit. The proposition to draw the color line in the churches rent them asunder. If the white Union soldiers had seen fit to form a white Grand Army, with such other conditions of membership as they chose, it would have been extraordinary, but such an association would have secured uniformity of color. But as the Grand Army was formed without such a condition, it would be exceedingly unwise now to introduce it. If there are white members who regard the condition of color as imperative, they need not seek to change the basis of the present society, in which they are a minority, because it would dissolve it, and they can form a new association, if conformity to the terms of membership is impossible for them.

THE COURTESY OF THE SENATE.

Differences between the Senators from the same State are not unknown. Mr. Conkling and Mr. Fenton, Senators from New York twenty years ago were not friends, but their unfriendliness came to no scandalous public outbreak. That, however, is the phrase that must be applied to the difference between Senators Chandler and Gallinger, of New Hampshire. Mr. Chandler describes his colleague in these words:

> "The necessities and desires of Dr. Gallinger were money and office. For money he was employed by Samuel W. Hale in his canvass for the Governorship in 1883, and no money barrel has he ever seen, from that of the Montreal Railroad in 1878 to that of General Alger in 1891, without an intense desire to tap it and absorb its contents. Unworthy ends by corrupt means have been his unvarying aim. In 1887 he sold himself and his influence as member of Congress and Chairman of the State Committee to the Concord Railroad for $5000 or more; and he superintended the expenditure of the money of that company among venal Republicans over the State to the amount of $100,000 or more. With the aid of the mercenary force thus organized he usurped the State Committee Chairmanship in 1888 and became an unsuccessful candidate for Senator in 1889.
>
> "He originated or joined numerous wild-cat endowment orders, and is more responsible than any other living man for the injury, suffering, and disgrace caused to New Hampshire by these wicked and reckless organizations; and he took care to obtain in cash his own large fees as supreme medical examiner, and to secure for himself the earliest benefit certificates issued. With his barrel full of money obtained thus and from the Concord Railroad, he sent out during the canvass of 1890 his circulars demanding the Senatorship, and brought on an issue in the town and ward caucuses which of itself was sufficient to cause the close result in the State on members of the Legislature."

There can be but one conclusion drawn from such a publication. If these statements are correct, the facts could not have been concealed. They must have been known in political circles, and not unknown to the Republican leaders who favored Dr. Gallinger's candidature. The article, therefore, is the most damaging assault upon the Republican party in New Hampshire, because it accuses that party of sending to the United States Senate a notoriously corrupt politician.

It is another illustration of the constantly accumulating evidence which encourages the wide impression that Republican management now relies upon illicit means. Under such circumstances Republican sneers at Democratic money barrels become rather absurd. A party which marshals floaters in blocks of five can hardly afford to point with lofty scorn at a party which buys seven more mules. But that this blow should have been dealt to the Republican party at this time by Senator Chandler is certainly surprising.

THE COLORED VOTE IN MISSISSIPPI.

It is not doubtful that there is a general determination among the white citizens of the Southern States that the colored citizens shall not obtain important political ascendency. There is no unwillingness, apparently, that they shall vote, and that their votes shall be counted, until they threaten to become a majority. This is a situation which as yet defies statesmanship. The assumption that it can be remedied by the force bill, or that those who perceive that fact are in favor of preventing the negro from voting, or of cheating him of the counting of his ballot, seems to us to show more party spirit than political wisdom.

But our present point is not to argue this question, but to show that the small colored vote in many parts of the old slave States cannot be attributed exclusively to intimidation or cheating. The election laws in many of those States are designed undoubtedly to diminish legally the colored vote. That is to say, they are laws intended to annul the fundamental principle of the government that it exists by the consent of the governed as expressed by vote. The defence of the legislation, also, that it is necessary in the actual situation, we do not now discuss. But it is clear that the law can be so adjusted to the situation that an intelligent minority can legally control the result of the election.

Thus in Mississippi the registration boards decide the fitness to vote of those who cannot read, and a poll-tax must be paid by every voter at least four months before election. The time for registry this year has now expired, and the returns seem to show that three-fourths of the colored voters have omitted to register. In Yazoo County more than 6000 are entitled to register, but only 78 have registered. In the whole State the registry will be about 90,000 whites to 35,000 negroes. The white registry is also somewhat affected by the new law, but the percentage of loss is very much smaller than that of the colored vote. This is a situation which no force bill would remedy, and if no relief can be reasonably expected from a bill which otherwise necessarily alarms and irritates, wise statesmanship does not insist upon its passage.

GEORGE JONES, OF THE "TIMES."

Mr. Jones died, after a short illness, at the ripe age of eighty, and he leaves the unsullied name of a thorough, able, and upright "newspaper man." He had taken all the degrees, from the lowest to the highest, and was a past master of the art. His sagacity, energy, diligence, and courage were essential elements in the rapid development and advance of one of the great journals of the country, the New York *Times*, and the achievement of such success in such a branch of activity is the proof of uncommon personal force. The general course of the paper was supposed to be largely determined by his judgment, and the power of its advocacy of wise reform and of a progressive and truly American policy is universally acknowledged. But success did not spoil the simplicity of his character, nor touch his kindly sympathy and generous feeling. For younger men in his own vocation there was no better or more friendly counsellor, and the journal with which he was so long and constantly and influentially identified is his fitting monument.

THE SWISS CELEBRATION AND WILLIAM TELL.

Switzerland has been lately celebrating in the canton of Schwytz the sixth centenary of its independence as a nation, and on the 15th of August the city of Berne celebrated the seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the town. This is an antiquity which reaches beyond the legendary epoch; for Berne was founded in 1191, and the famous hunter of Uri is said to have flourished in 1307, and to have been a member of the League of the Three Cantons—Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden—which finally drove the Austrians from the Alps.

But the Tell legend, like so many of the old and new historic tales, is now generally abandoned. It was observed that the old Swiss chroniclers did not mention the story, and its first full statement did not occur until the middle of the sixteenth century. This covered it with a certain suspicion, which has gradually developed with the demonstration that the "Tell tale" is one of the legends common to the Aryan people, and is found in its chief elements in the Persian, Icelandic, Danish, and English poetry, tradition, saga, and ballad.

It is none the less an inspiring and symbolic tale of heroism, and the same tendency of history to legend is curiously illustrated in this country by the story of the mysterious white-haired warrior who suddenly appeared in Hadley during an Indian attack upon the village in King Philip's war, and led the villagers to victory. Mr. George Sheldon, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, in a paper published a few years since, traced the story to a foot-note in Hutchinson's history referring to a legend in Governor Leverett's family. But, examining dates, he discredits the story. Yet the figure of the regicide cannot be dislodged from the popular imagination, nor Hadley divested of the charm of the tradition. William Tell and the regicide are as immortal as the heroes of Homer.

THE CENTENARY OF MOZART.

Another centenary of great interest, recently celebrated at Salzburg, is that of Mozart, the greatest of musical prodigies. He was born there in 1756, and died in Vienna in 1791. At the age of four he was a remarkable pianist and a composer, and until his death, in his thirty-sixth year, his life was a continual progress in the art of which he is so confessedly a master that he is often called the greatest composer of the world, because of the amazing variety and universal superiority of his musical powers.

His personality was equally charming with the richness of his genius. In 1788 he wrote *Don Giovanni* for Prague, and three years later, the last of his life, he wrote "*Die Zauberflöte* for indifferent Vienna, *La Clemenza di Tito* for Prague, and the 'Requiem' for himself." He was the best pianist of his time. At six he played the violin, reading at sight and without hesitation, and at eight he composed symphonies which were heard with delight. He studied Handel and Bach with the utmost diligence, and the best Italian masters. The result is seen in his works, which combine the character of the best German and Italian genius in a charm entirely his own.

The memory of such a man and such a composer as its son is a possession forever for any city. It is no wonder that Salzburg gladly and proudly celebrated the greatest event in its history—the birth of Mozart. His statue stands in the chief square of the city, with the eyes raised toward the tower of the City Hall; and in the recollection of many a traveller from over the sea there is no more vivid European impression than that of arriving in a summer sunset at Salzburg, and leaning out of the window of the hotel to see the figure of Mozart in the square below, looking, as if listening, toward the tower from which softly chimed "*O dolce Concento.*"

PERSONAL.

The son of Major Angelo, of the British army, now stationed at Simla, was bitten recently by a mad dog. His little brother, who is twelve years of age, cut the wound open with his pocket-knife, and sucked the venom that threatened his brother's life. The pluck of Major Grant, V.C., seems to be spreading in India.

—Mr. Clyde Fitch, who Mr. Richard Mansfield says did not write *Beau Brummel*, is the author of the play that will be presented at the opening of the Court Theatre in London this fall. Those who have seen *Don Juan*, which Mr. Mansfield wrote without the assistance of Mr. Fitch, will be interested to see how Mr. Fitch succeeds without the assistance of Mr. Mansfield.

—The tree on which bulletins of President Garfield's condition were posted during his last illness has been cut down at Washington. It stood just outside the east gate of the White House grounds, and was removed to make room for pending improvements.

—John G. Whittier is so modest that his niece, who is preparing a biography of him, has found it very difficult to obtain any aid from him in her work. His strength is gradually failing, and he is forced to give up the long walks which he formerly took.

—Dr. Edward Eggleston, the novelist, is soon to marry Miss Anna Goode, a daughter of Dr. E. S. Goode, of Madison, Indiana.

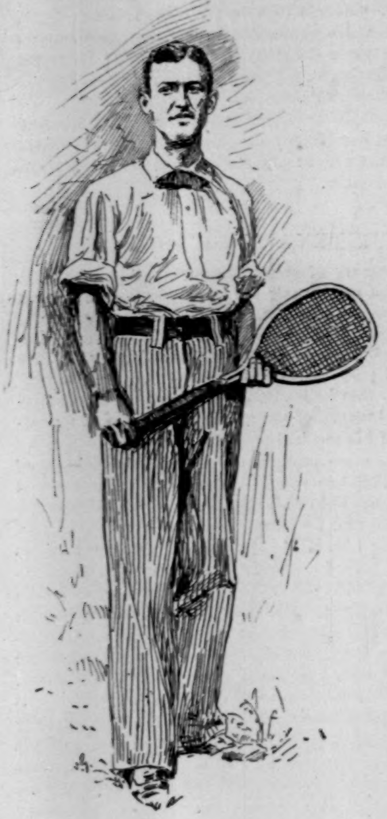
—The house which Benedict Arnold occupied when a young man in New Haven, Connecticut, is still standing. He compounded drugs at the time, and the sign which swung before his little shop is preserved by the New Haven Historical Society. It bears, besides the usual announcement, the words "from London," which show that the apothecary was not averse to practising the tricks of his business.

—William Morris, the English poet, affects a singular carelessness of attire. Not infrequently he appears on the street in London wearing an old sack-coat, baggy trousers, a blue flannel shirt, and a black slouch hat. A necktie he seems to consider superfluous, and that and the collar are not infrequently missing.

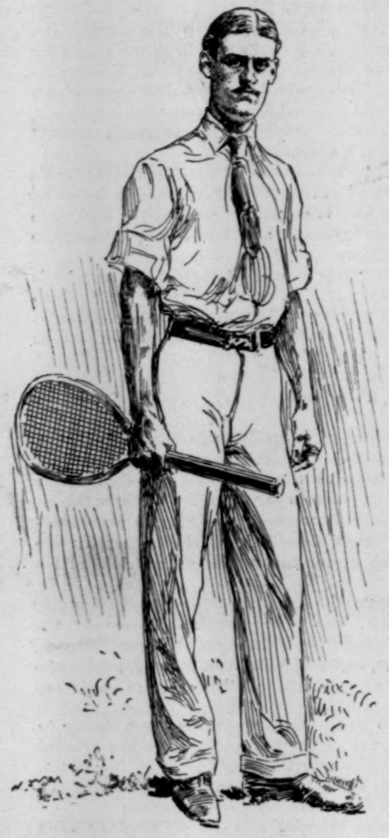
—Monuments to great men sometimes grow slowly in other countries as well as our own. Paris has just erected one to La Fontaine, the well-known author of the fables, who lived 250 years ago, and it was eight years before the 54,000 francs which the statue cost was collected.

—A talent of great promise was cut off by the recent death of Frank Miles, the London artist. While he made much money by painting pretty fans and such things as are known as art trifles, his landscapes had merit. He was exceedingly popular, and his studio was visited by some of the best-known men and women of the time.

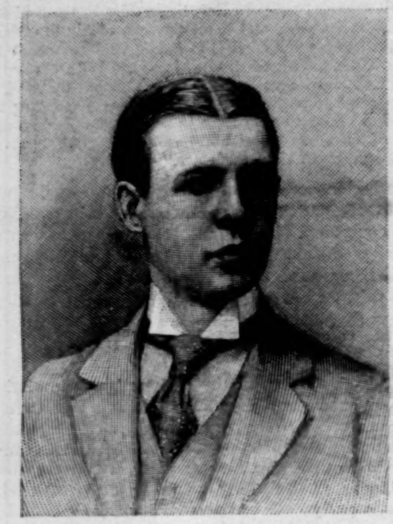
—The remains of Demetrius Augustin Gallitzin, a famous Catholic missionary, who founded a church in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, in 1803, have recently been exhumed, and found to be in a perfect state of preservation, although buried over fifty years ago. They are to be exposed to public view, and then reburied with imposing ceremonies, while a suitable monument will mark their resting-place.



CLARENCE HOBART.

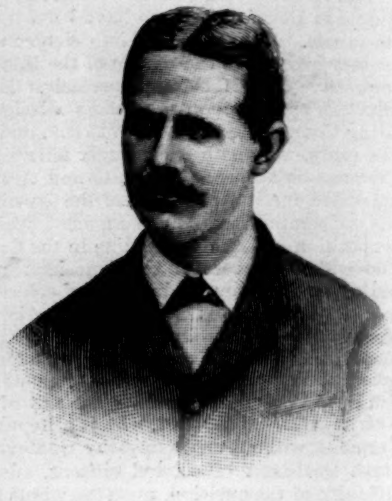


P. S SEARS.



O. S. CAMPBELL (Present Champion.)

E. L. and VALENTINE HALL.



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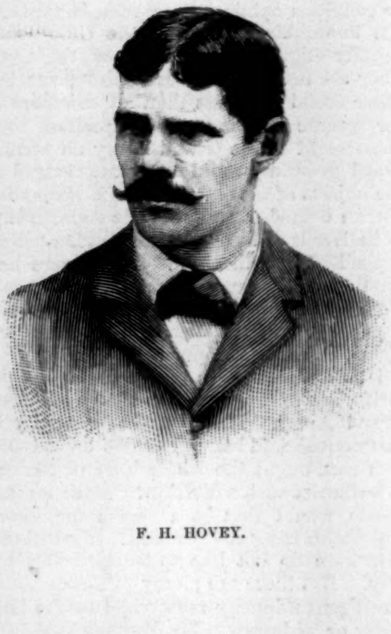
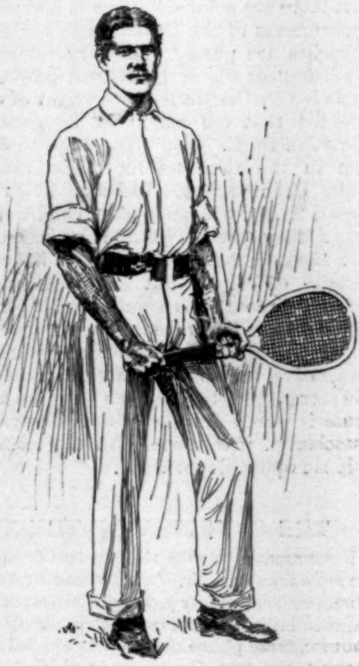


F. H. HOVEY.



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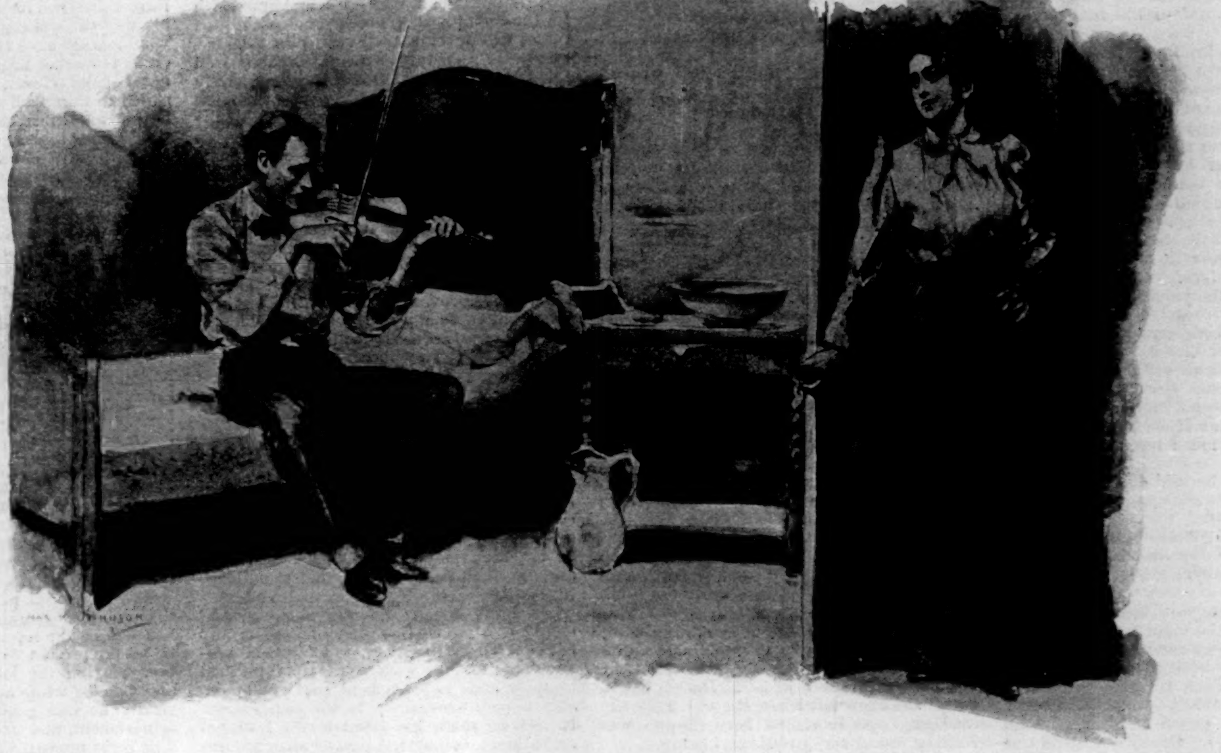


MARGHERITA OF THE EAST SIDE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

THE Halahan children had matches, as usual, and had made a bonfire on the stairs, to put out which they employed a pail of water.

"Si," thought Margherita—"si sdrucciola; il tempo è oscuro"—it is slippery, and dark.

And there was the man from the topmost room coming up. He ascended three steps, when the slipperiness did the rest. Margherita laughed.

Mrs. Halahan, on the first floor, came out. "Patsy Halahan, you'll never be a gentleman!" she screamed to nothing in particular, and re-entered her apartment.

The victim picked himself up, and carefully felt his way on the stairs.

Margherita, outside her door, met him face to face. She had seen him for a month of evenings as he went in and out, and he now and then nodded to her. The light from the room curiously irradiated her this evening as she stood there, especially about the head.

"Madonna!" murmured the man. His violin struck against the wall as he turned to look at her again.

"Un Tedesco," she thought—the same nationality as Herr Schwartz, the barber in the basement. While Mr. Halahan was from Irlanda and in politics, her own father was Italian, and assisted a friend in the disbursement of liquid refreshment, gaining thereby a weekly stipend, a daily headache, and an hourly increasing admiration of bar-room patois, argot, slang; the rooms above theirs were occupied by an American woman, supposed to be named Smith, who never went out, and who in all seasons was making next winter's overcoats for Mr. Strauss—never *this* winter's—and whose perpetually active sewing-machine rather soothed Margherita as she lay in bed and tried to forget Venezia, and to think that her father had the right to bring her here, and tell her a husband was waiting for her in Giuseppe, who was connected with the newspaper *Il Segreto*, and had small narrow eyes, and smoothed her hair, and made her frown. She had liked music over home, and there was one gondolier whose voice used to make her think of heaven; but here she hated it, and would grit her teeth when it came up to her from the street, this music of the new home. That was until a month ago. A month ago, sauntering out in the entry to see Patsy Halahan strike his matches and burn Mary Aloysius Halahan, she was conscious of a strangeness. All at once she had left the tall east-side house and was at home—home with those she had loved since her mother died, and her father sailed over the sea and became un Americano. It was the wail of a violin, making no tune that was familiar to her, but played by a hand that drew from it a universal sympathy. It was in the topmost room. After that she was always on the landing when the violinista went out or came in. She was glad to-night, when he had slipped on the stairs, that his violin had not broken. He went on to his room, and she stood there looking after him.

"Dago!" yelled Mary Aloysius Halahan, as she ran up for a game of tag on the roof before retiring for the night.

Margherita went in and sat at the window. Below and above flapped white sheets, and ghastly garments slid out from casements on lines fastened to tall poles like the masts of ships. By leaning a little she could see between the American woman's wash and find a little stripe of heaven, in which there shone one bright star.

The sausage for supper was on the table, the macaroni bubbling on the stove. Beppo, the monkey Giuseppe had given her to cure her of nostalgia, was picking the hearts from some grains of corn; the statue of St. Joseph, with a bunch of lilies like diving-bells growing on a telegraph pole, was on its bracket, which had a little flounce of lace. Giuseppe had given her the statue because Joseph was his patron saint.

A monkey and a plaster of Paris saint to cure her of homesickness! She looked at Joseph, and his little flat painted eyes reminded her of Giuseppe's; she looked at Beppo, and his greed, his restless head, reminded her of Giuseppe.

"Mary Aloysius Halahan," screamed Mrs. Halahan, "if you fall off o' that roof, I'll let you know it. You'll never be a lady!"

Frau Schwartz, in the basement, had sauer-kraut for tea, and the odor of that and other people's cooking edibles permeated the house.

Venezia! Venezia! how it must be over there now, with Tessa and Bettina, her little cousins who loved her so! Anima mia! was that the singing of the gondolier whose voice made her think of heaven? Nay; it was the violin in the topmost room.

How strange he had looked when he came up after his tumble! She arose and opened the door wider. What a face the man had, with eyes as blue as Venetian skies, a look in them that made her think of Tessa and Bettina when they clung to her the day she went away from them!

She slid down to the floor, her hands clasped tightly, and looked up to the bright star in the stripe of sky. Then she heard the padre's footfall, and she leaped to her feet. Beppo began to scream, and climbed to the frame of the lithograph of a distillery which the padre had brought home to brighten up the room. The padre came in with his much English, which he spoke to Margherita—not a word of Italian from him or Giuseppe, for she must learn the language of her new country.

"Grub!" he said, "and get a move on you."

"Muove," smiled Margherita, the ineradicable hand language of her father-land informing her more than did the uttered sound.

"The Dutchman's fiddle!" went on her father, apostrophizing the music in the topmost room. "He's a little German band; he was outside the saloon last night. Give the monkey a feed."

"Scimia! scimia!" called Margherita.

"Scimia!" snarled her father. "Say monkey."

"Monk—monka," smiled Margherita, "che mangerete?"

"No!" thundered her father. "Say, 'get onto the grub.'"

"Monka—gruba," said Margherita; and up in the topmost room the violin sang its exquisite pain.

The violinist, how young he was!—almost a boy, his face white and thin, his eyes as Margherita thought them.

His instrument under his chin, he played the song that has touched more than Margherita—even Schumann's "Widmung." "A toi—to my love, to my love!" it sang. And the player had no supper, and would have none, music not having proved remunerative in the early evening, before the busy people had time to be sentimental. Night might be better. He wanted only enough food to keep away that awful pang of hunger, and—"Widmung" was played once more. Then the violin was laid aside, and the player threw himself across the bed in the chilly room, and slept for very weariness. Had he not paced the room all last night and many a night before? The moon looked in at him through the curtainless window, and made strange moving shadows in the room.

Mary Aloysius Halahan playing tag on the roof made him dream of a noise—a pistol shot. He woke with beads of perspiration on his forehead. He blew his breath on his cold fingers, and caught up his violin to go out to the streets. First, though, he took a little flat package from his pocket and pressed it to his lips. "Ich liebe dich, Bertha!" he said.

Margherita heard him coming down. Her father had gone away, as usual, and would not be in till late. Giuseppe would come to see her this evening, so the padre had made her put on a bright ribbon, as though the amber beads were not sufficient ornamentation. She looked up as the violinista came down the stairs.

"Madonna!" he said. A faint sickness came over him as he thought of the pitying Mother up there in heaven. What had he to do with heaven—he who had usurped divine power over in Germany? "Madonna!"

Margherita knew that he could not speak to her so that she could understand; no one spoke to her thus in these days of unintermittent silence, amid jarring sound; but she smiled. "Violino, amico," she said, making an inward gesture with her hands.

He bowed, and went on down the stairs, meeting a small dark-faced man with eyes that made him think of things that sting. This was Giuseppe coming to see Margherita, bearing with him a copy of *Il Segreto*, in which was an account, written by himself, of an outrage by American laborers upon their Italian fellow-workmen, and calling upon the Italian government to make it an international affair.

"Maggie," he said, "are you standing there waiting for me? You are there every evening, on the landing."

He stroked her hair, and she wriggled away from him into the living-room, and kept Beppo in her arms while the visit lasted.

Cielo! how beautiful she was to-night, those eyes of hers great wells of brown light! Surely she looked twenty, rather than sixteen! And Giuseppe's eyes were narrower than ever as he regarded her.

"Maggie," he said, and she thought his pink tongue was sharp as it moistened his lips, "sit close to me while I read to you *Il Segreto*."

"Non," she said—"non posso capirlo."

So Giuseppe, resolving to seek her father that very night and tell him how she kept him off, read his article, and with a curt good-night, left her.

Then Margherita took down St. Joseph, and let Beppo play with him.

She was asleep when her father with his headache reached home. Il padre went to her room and looked down at her. There was a tear on her cheek not yet dry. She looked as her mother had looked in the old days of sunshine and never-to-be-forgotten youth.

"Jo's a beat," the padre contented himself to say, and sought his own couch.

But Margherita had rested poorly ever since her arrival in the New World, so that she was awake when the violinista came in, and she heard him toiling up the stairs. She was awake when the American woman lighted her lamp and began on Mr. Strauss's next winter's overcoats. She was awake when Mrs. Halahan called out: "Mary Aloysius Halahan, go and get two cents' worth o' milk. Patsy Halahan, where are you at? Did you get that bread?"

This day Margherita put on her bright ribbon and waited to hear the violin. When she heard it, she failed to think of Tessa and Bettina. The music startled her. She did not know that the violin voiced a despair, that his song was "Ich grolle nicht," into which he put all his own energy of agonized repression. Margherita had never heard anything like this. She thought of Giuseppe, and how he had tried to have her sit close to him last night. She hated Giuseppe. And that music! She opened the door. She would creep nearer to the music, as to something that cared for her, understood her.

She softly ascended the stairs. The topmost room was open. The violinist, a great blaze of fever in his face, sat on the side of the bed, playing the wild tune. His eyes were like glass with fire back of it.

He did not notice Margherita in the doorway. But she saw that he was ill. On the bed beside him lay a little thin packet; his eyes were upon it while he made his music. She looked closer, and saw that it was a small photograph.

All at once the violin fell from his hand, and rattled to the floor as he fell over upon the bed. Margherita thought of death. Then she had flown down to her father's room for a bottle of Chianti, and was up in the topmost room again. The young man had not moved; he lay there motion-less, that fire in his face, his hand closed over the photograph.

She broke the neck of the wine bottle, got a tin cup, and filled it, and put it to the man's lips, and forced the liquor down his throat. The red in his face became purple.

She unloosened his fingers, and took the picture into her own hands. It was that of a fair maiden. There was a line of writing on the back of the card, together with a piece of printed matter pasted there. She looked at the woman's face; the rest was a dead letter to her. She felt her own cheek grow a little warm. Then she laughed.

"La sorella," she said—"la sorella;" it was his sister, that was all; he was too young for anything else. All the same, she carried the picture down stairs with her, and carefully studied the pretty face.

She knew that the young man was in his room all that day.

In the evening, contrary to precedent, her father remained at home. This alarmed her. He had staid home the night be told her she should never leave the apartment unless he were with her; he had staid home the night he told her if she cried any more because Giuseppe loved her, she should be starved.

"Jo's coming," he said to-night. "He's been chinning to me all day. You'll be married next week."

She did not understand his words, but his face told her something that made her think of the other two nights when he had staid at home.

Then Giuseppe came—Giuseppe, who had viewed her beauty the night before in quite a new manner, and who had complained again to her father of her bearing toward him.

Beppo bit him when he came in, and he aimed a blow at the little beast. Margherita interfered, and he kissed her. The violin was singing upstairs. Crimson with shame at Giuseppe's embrace, her indignation only making the padre and Giuseppe laugh, she darted out into the hall. Giuseppe made a feint of running after her to kiss her again.

Up the stairs she flew, scarcely knowing what she did, save that she fled for protection.

The violinist's door was open.

He saw her this time—the Madonna face.

"Ich liebe dich, Bertha," he said, and held out his hands supplicatingly, the violin in one hand, the bow in the other.

She knew no language save her own, but she saw love in his face. She ran to him, and he folded his arms about her, crying out with exceeding gladness.

She liberated herself, thrilled, yet timid.

He went round the room, playing the violin, looking for something.

She knew what he looked for—the picture of his sister.

She ran down the stairs to get it, forgetting the padre, Giuseppe, and all, vibrating with a new feeling as she was, that deep violin music wrapping her in its spell.

She found her father and Giuseppe looking at the picture she had left on the table.

"It has 'Ich liebe dich, Bertha,' written on it in a woman's hand," Giuseppe was saying.

"But the printed German?" asked the padre.

Giuseppe read that, and uttered an exclamation.

"A big reward for a murderer," he said. "A student, nineteen years old, five feet six inches in height, light hair, blue eyes; a scar on the forehead under the hair, made by a bullet from the pistol of the policeman he escaped from; a fine player of the violin. He killed the man who eloped with his sweetheart." Then Margherita was on them, had snatched the picture from Giuseppe's hand and vanished.

"Margherita!" called her father. But she had gone to the violinist. With a glad cry he took the picture from her.

"Madonna!" he said—the Queen of Heaven, who intercedes for the granting of the wishes of sinful humanity—"Madonna!"

She understood that word, and it made her happy. "Madonna, my Lady!"

"Margherita!" called her father.

"Mio caro!" she said—"mio caro!" Then her father and Giuseppe were in the room.

"Margherita," said her father, with a black frown, "to your room! Vostra camera!"

"Now I can account for the way she has treated me," Giuseppe said, in a still voice—"now I know why she is so much on the landing." He went to the young German, and raised a curl of the light hair that fell over his forehead. "See the scar!"

"A reward, did you say?" asked the padre. "Ah! here is one of my Chianti bottles! Margherita!"

"Take her away," said Giuseppe, in that still voice. "I will go to the police. The man is a lunatic;" for the German was feasting his eyes on the photograph, unheeding them.

Down in their own apartment Margherita raised her eyes defiantly to her father's. He raised his hand and let it fall upon her face, once, twice, and a hot streak came out on her cheek. But she never wavered, and her eyes still defied him. He locked her in the room till he went up and turned the key in the door of the topmost room from the outside. Then he came down to his daughter again. She still had that look in her eyes. He called her a name that made a heat all over her, and struck her the third time. She could hear the violin singing "Widmung"; it was singing from her heart, she thought. Her father went outside when he heard Giuseppe returning.

"We will have to wait till to-morrow," said Giuseppe. "Keep his door locked. And Margherita must be mine now or never."

"To-morrow," said the padre.

"Shall I see her to-night?" asked Giuseppe.

"To-morrow," said the padre. "She is my daughter till then."

Then the two men went away, leaving Margherita to her thoughts.

The Halahan children were shouting with merriment; she could smell the smoke from their bonfire. The American woman's sewing-machine whirred. She knelt to pray.

"Madonna!" she murmured—"Madonna!"

She had knelt before St. Joseph ever since Giuseppe had given her the figure. She knelt there now; but with a cry she started to her feet, tore down the statue, and put her foot on it, grinding and grinding her heel upon it till it was a mass of white dust and fragments of clay. Then she knelt at the window, her face raised to the narrow sky.

"Sancta Maria!" she said; then lowered her head. "Madonna! Madonna!"

Kneeling there, her head upon the window-sill, she slept. She dreamed. There was music—"Widmung"—and blue eyes looking into hers, and a voice all trembling with passion, saying, "Ich liebe dich—ich liebe dich!" till she must think the words meant more than words ever meant before. Then in her dream a wall rose before her, dense and awful, with a heat that made the brain reel. Air! She could not breathe. Was that Beppo chattering? A grinding sound, and she awoke—awoke in smoke and suffocation. The Halahan children and their matches had done it at last. Dazed, bewildered, she knew not where she was, while the crackling outside scared her. Beppo was rushing round her, jabbering, hissing.

"Padre! padre!" she cried. She ran to the door. It was bolted. Oh, padre! padre! here is little Margherita, and she fears. Oh, Bettina! Tessa!

Suddenly a sweet piercing tone reached her—a violin playing "Widmung." She was stilled at once. She opened the window and put Beppo on the sill, and saw him disappear in the darkness. There was a heavy chair in the room. She raised it and smote upon the door. The third time, and the thin panelling gave way, and she was out on the landing, where there was nothing but rolling smoke spangled with bright cinders.

Up the stairs that trembled and throbbed under her, up to the topmost room, guided by the voice of the violin, she ran. That door was locked too. She did not know that her father had the key. She pounded upon the wood. "Margherita!" she called. "Margherita!"

And the violin sang "Widmung."

Her voice took on the melody she heard. She thought of the words that must mean more than any other words, though she did not know their meaning. "Ich liebe dich!" she sang. "Ich liebe dich! Bertha! Bertha! Bertha! Mio caro!"

There was a scream in the room, a pulling at the door; then a smiting, a crashing, and the violinist was beside her, wild-eyed, fierce, his lips parted, breathless.

"Bertha!" he shouted. "Bertha!"

Margherita caught him to her. She would save him. He was weak, but she was strong with life.

"Mio caro!"

Then she heard her name from the blackness and the eating fire.

"Margherita! Where is Margherita?" Giuseppe was shouting. Then he saw the two lighted up by a flare as the flames broke through, and his eyes were like two thread-like slits. Margherita had her arms wound around the man who had supplanted him.

"Mio caro!" said Margherita.

There came that into Giuseppe's face that made the violinist push her from him and grapple with the Italian. But Giuseppe was the stronger, and he dragged the other to the stairs.

"Now as well as to-morrow," he snarled. "Murderer! Murderer!" His hands were at the German's throat.

Margherita sprang at them, and Giuseppe, releasing the man, raised his hand, and she saw the glitter of steel in it.

"Now as well as to-morrow," he said, and plunged toward her to strike, when, with a bound, the young German had caught the hand and dragged at Giuseppe; and there was a crash, and Margherita stood there alone, a yawning abyss at her feet, where the stairs had gone down, carrying the men into the raging fire below.

A sweet-faced Sister leaned over Margherita when she opened her eyes in the hospital. "You are sadly burned, dear," she said. "Your father has been here, and Father Piozzi, but you did not know them. Ah, you do not understand me?"

But Margherita was clinging to her. "Madonna!" she was saying—"Madonna! Ich liebe dich!—ich liebe dich!"

For she heard the violin, heard "Widmung," as though very far away; she saw blue eyes looking into hers, and arms stretched out to hold her.

"Ich liebe dich!" she said, more faintly—"ich liebe dich!" and "Tessa! Bettina!"

And the Sister placed a little crucifix in her hand, and held her till her pretty head fell over and she was still. And the Sister was weeping.

POSSIBLE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONS.

The tournament which began August 18th for the championship in singles of the United States will develop more good play than has ever been seen in this country. It is well known that the form of the entries, generally speaking, is of a much higher order than that of any previous year, while the play of the first half-dozen top men is championship form. Not before in the history of the game here have there been so many first-class men. In the years past, and the very recent ones at that, we have been accustomed to seeing two or three "cracks," but this year there are at least seven men between whom there is not a great deal of difference. The reason for this showing is, of course, readily found in the great improvement made in the last two years, but especially in the season which is just now enjoying a very brilliant "beginning of the end" at Newport. Nearly all of the men whose portraits are to be found in this issue of the WEEKLY have been playing in tennis tournaments for several years, gradually improving, until this year we find them showing form that was known to but one or two a few years ago.

O. S. Campbell's tennis career is so well known that to detail it here would savor of carrying coals to Newcastle. Although yet quite young, about twenty-two years of age, he has been playing in public longer than any one of those now active and prominent, Knapp excepted. He began playing tennis when quite a lad, showing such marked ability that none of his playfellows—or any in Brooklyn, his residence, for matter of that—were able to cope with him. He continued to show such improvement that championship honors loomed up in the perspective. In 1886 he made his début in the National tournament, and after a plucky struggle was defeated in the first round by the player from whom, after four years of work, he was destined to win the United States championship. From the time of his début up to this year, his improvement has been great. He has represented his college, Columbia, from which he recently graduated, on many courts, and invariably with distinction. He lasted until the fourth round in '88, and in '89 was "runner up" at Newport; and in those same years was winner of the Intercollegiate doubles, with V. G. Hall and A. E. Wright respectively, as well as winner of the Tropical championship, played at St. Augustine, Florida.

Last year he defeated H. W. Slocum, Jun., for the championship, and this summer, with R. P. Huntington, Jun., won the Eastern doubles. Campbell's chances for retaining the championship this year have been extensively and variously estimated and underestimated throughout the tennis newspaper world, and his poor showing this season quoted in evidence of his inability to hold it. All his critics appear, however, to have overlooked two important matters. First, that although young, Mr. Campbell has lived long enough to know the value of not giving his play "away," and has not played his game this season; but once has he shown what he could do, and that was in an exhibition game with W. P. Knapp on Staten Island, and his play at that time was remarkably brilliant. Second, he has made no especial effort to keep in form—on the contrary, rather playing off—while those with whom he has played in recent tournaments have been trained to the hour. Consideration of these facts may save car fare for some of the enthusiastic Newport contingent. All things are possible, of course, and tennis is as uncertain as any game, but if Campbell does not retain the championship, the winner of the All Comers will be called on to play better tennis than he has yet shown in public. Those who think Campbell will not play so well as he did last year will be treated to a surprise.

Clarence Hobart is a resident of this city, and a member of the New York Tennis Club, of which he is champion. It has been on the courts of this club chiefly that he has acquired his tennis education. Although having played since '86, he has been until the last year or so more or less of an unknown, or rather, to be more accurate, an unappreciated, quantity. His first public appearance was in the championship doubles at Newport, when, in '88, with E. P. McMullen, they lost in the final round to V. G. Hall and Campbell. In '89 he won a number of tournaments in this vicinity, and last year at the Country Club of Westchester created great surprise by defeating Knapp, Campbell, and Taylor, and losing the cup to R. P. Huntington, Jun. With V. G. Hall he won the championship in doubles. In the singles at Newport he lasted until the next to the final round, when Knapp turned the tables on him. This year his record is clear; he has beaten every one. Beginning with capturing the Orange Challenge Cup for the third time, he won the Westchester Cup, meeting R. P. Huntington, Jun., in the finals, and getting even for the previous year's defeat. At Nahant recently he defeated Huntington, Champion Campbell, Hovey, P. S. Sears, and S. T. Chase. He is a hard trainer, plays a difficult, driving game, and seems, of all the entries, the most likely to win the All Comers Cup; if he does, and keeps in form—for Hobart is liable to "on" and "off" days—his match with Campbell will be unquestionably the greatest ever seen in this country, as both players are brilliantly expert in different styles of game, one disastrous to the other.

R. P. Huntington, Jun., is another who is looked upon by many to be Campbell's most formidable rival for the '91 championship. To my way of thinking, however, the champion would rather have Huntington face him than either Hobart or Knapp; not that his game is not equally clever, but it is much better suited to Campbell's style of play, and then he knows Huntington's game to a T, and would have a great deal more confidence in himself. Mr. Huntington was graduated from Yale this year, where, by-the-way, he also acquired his tennis education. His first appearance in the National championship at Newport was in '89, when he was defeated in the first round by H. A. Taylor. In the same year he won the Intercollegiate championship in addition to his college championship. In '90 he made very rapid strides into prominence, winning the Westchester Country Club Cup and several other minor matches. He defeated every player of importance but Campbell and Knapp, to the former of whom he succumbed in the round next to the final at Newport last year. He plays a wonderfully good game of tennis, probably the best all-round game of any man in the country. Being six feet tall, he is a difficult man to "lob" over, and dangerous, as he "smashes" with great skill. If he were not quite so slow to take advantage of an opponent's opening, he would be invincible. With Campbell as partner, he won the Eastern doubles this summer.

W. P. Knapp is not represented here, photographically speaking, but he is none the less one of the top players of this country. Of all the present "cracks," he probably has been playing the longest. He began play about in '83 while at Yale, from which university he was graduated in '85. His first achievement, and one that gave him at the time great renown, was defeating R. D. Sears for the Intercollegiate championship. He won this tournament in '84 and '85, and the doubles as well, and the latter honor also in '86. He began playing in the National championship at Newport in '84, reaching the fourth round, where H. A. Taylor defeated him; in '85 he reached the final, but was again defeated, this time by G. M. Brinley. From that year until '89 he played very little, not entering at Newport. In '89 L. A. Shaw defeated him in the fourth round, and last year he contested the final for the All Comers Cup with Campbell, and lost it after a beautiful display of tennis. He is one of the hardest players to down in the land. Persistent, and trained to endure any number of sets, he would always make the champion, whoever he might be, play his best game to defeat him. If he practised more, Mr. Knapp would have as good if not a better chance to win the All Comers than any other player, and as it is he will come very near it. Indeed, on second thoughts, I rather expect to see Knapp and Hobart in the final (unless the former has "gone off" very badly), and if so, it will be a battle royal, for last year they met in the fourth round, and Hobart was defeated. Judging from what I have seen of his practice play this year, for he has not been in a single important tournament, I don't think he can defeat Hobart or Campbell. He and Huntington would make a beautiful match, and he should dispose of Hovey. What he will do with Eddie Hall should they meet is too hard to say. It should be very interesting, with chances in his favor.

P. S. Sears is by no means to be left out of consideration, but I am ever fearful to say much about him. Now and again he shows some play which, if he could keep up, would certainly land him well up; but again, when I have prepared myself to see him do well, he goes off in an unaccountable way, and leaves me astonished and disappointed. Of those I have already mentioned, he is the less formidable, though his game is a good one, and not infrequently a winning one. He and the two Halls should make some very interesting games to decide the right to about sixth place. Mr. Sears began playing tennis about twelve years ago, when he was a lad of eleven. For seven years he has been seen in tournaments, and during his Harvard course he held his college single championship, as well as the doubles in his last year, '86. He won the Intercollegiate doubles with Q. A. Shaw, Jun., in '88, and second in '89, and the singles in both these years. In '89 he also won second at Nahant, and took second at Southampton. He has won many other tournaments which we have no space to enumerate. His best work this year has been at Longwood, where he took second.

F. H. Hovey is the most recent addition to the band of championship aspirants. Until last year he was unknown as a tennis-player outside of his immediate circle at home and at college. He played in the National championship last year, and did so well through winning the Consolation that he attracted immediate attention. When later he succeeded in winning the Intercollegiate championship from Campbell, he was immediately heralded as the coming champion. Mr. Hovey's attention during the earlier part of the season was given to base-ball, and he made an enviable though entirely local reputation as short stop on the Harvard nine. The play he has shown in tournaments this season has been characterized by streaks of exceptionally brilliant and very ordinary (for a "crack") work, the latter in larger proportion than the former. His chances for the championship have been greatly overestimated, and while he undoubtedly has the making of a champion, at this writing he is very far from it.

The two Halls—Valentine G. and Eddie—owing to the wonderful improvement of the latter, seem to be very evenly matched this season. They are showing some strong play, though it hardly appears likely that either of them will get through Hobart, Huntington, or Knapp for the last rounds. Valentine is so well and so favorably known to the tennis world that his career is probably more familiar than that of any other player. He is a veteran, having begun playing in '83, though he was not seen in any tournaments of importance until '86. In '88 he won the doubles championship, with O. S. Campbell, and in '90 again, with Clarence Hobart as partner. He has won innumerable prizes, and now holds the Mossley Hall Cup of Bar Harbor, and the championship of Long Island. Writing hurriedly, he probably ranks about seventh player in America. He is twenty-two years old, and a Columbia graduate. He and his brother will go abroad next year, and intend taking part in all the prominent tournaments. Aside from his individual ability at tennis, Mr. V. G. Hall was for a term the secretary of the National L. T. A. of America, and in his official capacity did much for the game.

The portrait of S. T. Chase is given in this number chiefly because of his being the Western champion. Although a good and improving player, he is by no means considered as a prospective winner of the All Comers. At the same time he has given evidence of being a coming player, and after he has acquired the necessary practice, will make it very interesting for our best Eastern cracks. He has several times won the Western tournament, only to be defeated for the championship by his brother, C. A., whom we of the East know better. This year he won by the default of C. A. He is a Harvard man, and has won the single and doubles of that university.

C. W. W.

THE "HOLY COAT" OF TREVES.

BY A. C. TOWNSEND.

On August 18th of the year 1844 there was exhibited in the cathedral of the ancient city of Treves, in Prussia, the most famous of all sacred relics—the "Holy Coat," a garment said to have been worn by Christ throughout his Passion, his trial before Pontius Pilate, and his agonizing journey to the spot where his crucifixion was carried out. Between the date mentioned and the sixth day of October, when the relic was again withdrawn from public gaze, over a million people, bishops, priests, and laity, visited the cathedral of St. Pierre and feasted their eyes on the sacred robe, for the most part with wonderment and veneration. On the 20th of this present month, after an interval of exactly forty-seven years, the "Holy Coat" will again be exposed to the view of all comers, no matter what their creed, and by virtue of an edict issued by the Church through Bishop Felix, of the local diocese, remain so for a like space of time. The event, it is needless to say, has been for weeks and months awaited with the greatest interest by all true Catholics, not only of Germany, but of the whole Old World. During this period the influx of pilgrims and visitors into the old cathedral city has been daily increasing, until, from the latest accounts, their carriage and lodgment has become a serious question to the railroad authorities and the worthy burghers of Treves. No small proportion of these travellers consists of the sick and maim, in whose minds is firmly riveted the idea that to touch or even look upon the sacred garment will insure a complete and instantaneous cure. Before entering into any history or description of the relic itself, a few words concerning its previous exhibition may be of interest.

On that occasion pilgrims journeyed to Treves from all quarters of Europe, many of them forming themselves into large bands, with acolytes and banner-bearers marching before them, and marshalled by their several village priests. Soon the good citizens of Treves found it impossible to lodge these foot-sore, weary travellers, and all but the first arrivals found themselves compelled to sleep on the floors and stairs of the few inns the city could boast of, in barns and out-houses, and even on the streets, with nothing for a pillow but their pilgrim's wallet. Few hours, however, were given to sleep, and before dawn of each new day a long line, numbering many hundreds, had formed before the cathedral, awaiting the opening of its doors. On many occasions this line of worn-out but expectant pilgrims was considerably over a mile in length. Even for the early birds favorably located near the doors four or five hours of waiting were necessary before they could hope to approach the altar and its precious relic.

Men, women, and children, even those in robust health, would faint and fall from the heat and fatigue; yet the throng knew no diminishment, and through every hour of the day a steady procession passed around the interior of the building, each one finally making his or her oblation before the Holy Coat, and then at once retiring. Invalids and cripples by the hundred vowed afterwards that they had entered the edifice sick and infirm, and had left it cured and whole in body. To quote some recent words of the present Bishop of Treves, to whom allusion has already been made: "Neither distance nor the difficulties of the journey did they shrink from; they held themselves amply rewarded for their labors if for some moments only they might see the holy relic. My late predecessor, Bishop Arnoldi, proclaimed in the cathedral to all people—and trustworthy records ratify his words—that the Almighty Himself, through many miraculous cures, notified to the world how acceptable the devotion to the Holy Coat was to Him."

And now a few words as to the relic itself. First, as to the actual garment. The coat is a loose tunic with short wide sleeves, simple in form, and of coarse material, its present color—though this perhaps may be the result of age—being a dark and rusty brown. The most curious outward feature of the garment is that it is entirely without seam or join, which fact accounts for its frequent nomenclature as the "seamless coat." It is perfectly devoid of any binding or ornamentation whatever. Its measurement from the extremity of one sleeve to the other is five feet and as many inches; in length, from the collar to the lower edge, it is five feet and two inches. In several places the coat is worn and almost threadbare; some dark stains which it bears are said, though such theory is naturally imaginative, to arise from the wounds of the bruised and bleeding body it once covered.

The history of this venerated relic—to the minds at least of those whose religion bids them venerate it—is plain and sufficiently well authenticated. It was obtained by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, during her sojourn in the Holy Land, and presented by her on her return to Treves, then the capital of Belgic Gaul and residence of the Roman emperors, to the cathedral of the city. This was during the episcopate of Agritius, and some time between the years 314 and 334. That the Empress did make some such gift is proved by an ancient ivory, for centuries in the possession of the cathedral, which represents her seated at the church door awaiting the arrival of a procession closed by a chariot in which two ecclesiastics are standing on guard before a chest containing some precious gift. The ivory was carefully examined and its legend substantiated by the Archæological Society of Frankfort in the year 1846.

At the close of the twelfth century the Holy Coat was translated from the choir—its first resting-place—to the high altar of the cathedral, and, after an interval of three hundred years, was exhibited "for the veneration of the faithful" in 1512. During the wars and stormy times of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was deposited for security first at the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, and later at Augsburg. From this latter hiding-place it was removed in the year 1810 by special permission of the first Napoleon, and restored with great ceremony, to the cathedral of Treves, then, and until the treaty of 1815, a French possession. In spite of the chaotic troubles through which all Europe was then passing, over 227,000 pilgrims journeyed to the city to celebrate the restoration of the relic.

The exhibition of the Holy Coat in 1844 left a mark, and almost an indelible one, upon the history of the Roman Catholic Church. The excitement caused by the pilgrimage of a million souls to one small Prussian town was as nothing compared with subsequent events which arose solely from the action of the Church in allowing the relic to be displayed and worshipped. Certain members of the Church, stigmatized then and now as rationalists, took offence at the proceedings, and argued in writing not only against the authenticity of the Holy Coat, but against the advisability of thus working upon the feelings and credulity of such vast numbers of their fellow-religionists.

GEORGE JONES.

George Jones, known all over the United States as the proprietor and guiding spirit of the New York *Times*, died at Poland Springs, Maine, on Tuesday, August 11th, in the eightieth year of his age. For the last three weeks he had been suffering, but his malady was not at first thought dangerous. On the 3d of August grave complications set in, when his strength gradually sank. As he neared his time of final rest his consciousness did not fail him. He asked about his children; then, reassured that they were by him, he passed away as one who sleeps.

George Jones commanded respect not so much for the prominent position occupied by him in public life, but because of his extreme honesty, straightforwardness, and courage. Fully dominated by the idea that a journal should never consider the mere money question as the arbiter of its policy, he was utterly indifferent as to the increase or decrease of the property he controlled. In the past, Mr. George Jones saw more than once the circulation of the New York *Times* temporarily diminished because of his having committed himself to a policy at variance with popular opinion. Such decisions as the proprietor of the New York *Times* made he never arrived at hastily. Some great question of national policy or of State or city administration might have been at stake. With unerring judgment the honest side of any subject, whether of public importance or relating to private interest, was the side he took and adhered to. He never shuffled nor was an opportunist. He held the point of honor high, and, conscious that it was his duty through the press to inculcate probity and morality, he never through his long life swerved a hair's-breadth from his own ideal standard.

That tritest of adages, "Honesty is the best policy," though it may have a time-serving smack about it, showed itself to be invariably true in Mr. George Jones's journalistic experience. No man can be infallible. No political measure can there be proposed or carried out by party the advantages of which are incontestable, but in discussing such subjects the proprietor of the New York *Times* held, above all, the moral conditions of the men who urged such policy. Honest men, he believed, worked for the general good of the American people, and dishonest men did not. It was a simple rule, but it never failed him. Though the issues might have been grave, he was indifferent to political leaders or to the clutch of party, and so George Jones's journal cut loose from dangerous entanglements, and starting on an independent career, no one ever for a moment doubted its honesty. Many new measures, even but half adopted by the public of 1891, measures of active reform, were due to Mr. George Jones. He considered it his duty to educate readers, so that they might understand what were the errors in the past, and the advantages to be derived from the more honest treatment of public matters. He lived long enough to have seen in part, at least, the triumph of his high principles.

The public perhaps never can take with full understanding the sore trials of a man who is the head and front of a great newspaper. Modern news-gathering, though systematized, is only obtainable by vast outlays. The mechanical details of a New York journal, for celerity and certainty of output in printed newspapers, rival those of the best installed factory. Last, and not least to be considered, all the hundreds of people engaged night and day with their pens furnishing the material to be printed. Money flows like water. It is then a man possessing rare dual qualities who alone can successfully control so complicated a business. Looking only on one of Mr. George Jones's many-sidedness, as a publisher his merit was distinguished. Early commercial training had taught him how to husband his resources, though he never showed any reluctance at making heavy expenditures when they became necessary. No one had mastered more thoroughly the material side of newspaper-making. It was not about presses or general machinery that Mr. George Jones alone directed his attention. He always felt it imperative that those who worked for him, either in journalistic capacity or as compositors or pressmen, should have comfortable quarters. This was a subject of constant solicitation. The old *Times* building might for many a journalistic proprietor have sufficed for its general employés. He deemed it in a measure insalubrious. The writer of this has heard him say, "If I want good men to work for me they should have good quarters. Plenty of air; ample space. It is the plainest common-sense. I want everybody to be comfortable; and if, as far as the new building is concerned, you are not comfortable, then it will be from no fault of mine."

There never was on Mr. Jones's part want of care for those who were in his service. He had always remembered that when Henry J. Raymond had commenced his journalistic career, and from overwork had fallen ill, his salary had been stopped by the newspaper employing him. Only last year Mr. Jones referred to this in an article entitled "George Jones, of the *Times*," published in Harper's Weekly (February 22, 1890). This had been taken *verbatim* from his dictation:

"The circumstance made such an impression on his mind (Mr. Raymond's) that when he started the *Times* he made it a rule of the paper that the salary of every employé should be continued throughout any term of illness. Mr. Jones fully endorsed this plan, and it is still the practice in the office of the *Times* to continue salaries during sickness, no matter how prolonged."

Over the policy of the *Times* Mr. Jones's control was complete. Thoroughly, absolutely American, he felt a just pride in the progress of his country. It might have been supposed that in the last ten years of his life conservatism would come with advanced age, mental powers being held in sway by physical disabilities, but Mr. George Jones never showed indifference to the advance of modern thought. He was always fully abreast with it. As he grew in years his powers acquired maturity, while his keenness of vision was never impaired. He was neither obstinate nor dogmatic in his opinions, and was the best of listeners. He held, however, that to temporize, to shilly-shally with certain measures, was a confession of weakness. He possessed a clear, homely method of imparting his instructions, but his words were incisive, and were not to be effaced. He drew, perhaps, less distinction between men and their measures than do trimmers. Because he was courage personified, he simply snapped his fingers at any efforts of intimidation, and more than once in the ten years between 1870 and 1880 his life was threatened.

The breaking up of the Tweed ring is of the past, but the courage he showed then is of advantage to the New York of to-day. He has told in a straightforward way the efforts made, first to silence him, and then to bribe him. When the terrible figures which showed up the criminality of the Tweed ring were in the possession of the New York *Times*, the emissaries of the ring made a proposition to Mr. Jones to sell them the paper, intimating that he had better accept their offer "or do worse." There happened to be a lawyer who had an office in the *Times* building, and a request was suddenly made that Mr. Jones should call there, as some important business was to be presented to him. Ushered into a private office, he found there Richard B. Connolly, Tweed's partner. This is Mr. Jones's own account of this interview:

"'I don't want to see this man,' said Mr. Jones, and he turned to go out of the place.

"'For God's sake!' exclaimed Connolly, 'let me say one word to you.'

"At this appeal Mr. Jones stopped. Connolly then made him a proposition to forego the publication of the documents he had in his possession, and offered him an enormous sum of money to do this. The amount of this offer was $5,000,000! As Connolly waited for the answer, Mr. Jones said,

"'I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that.'

"Connolly then began to plead, and drew a graphic picture of what one could do with $5,000,000. He concluded by saying,

"'Why, with that sum you can go to Europe, and live like a prince.'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Jones, 'but I should know that I was a rascal. I cannot consider your offer or any offer not to publish the facts in my possession.'

"A few days thereafter the proofs of the frauds came out in the *Times*, and were flashed to the four quarters of the globe."—Harper's Weekly, *February* 22, 1890.

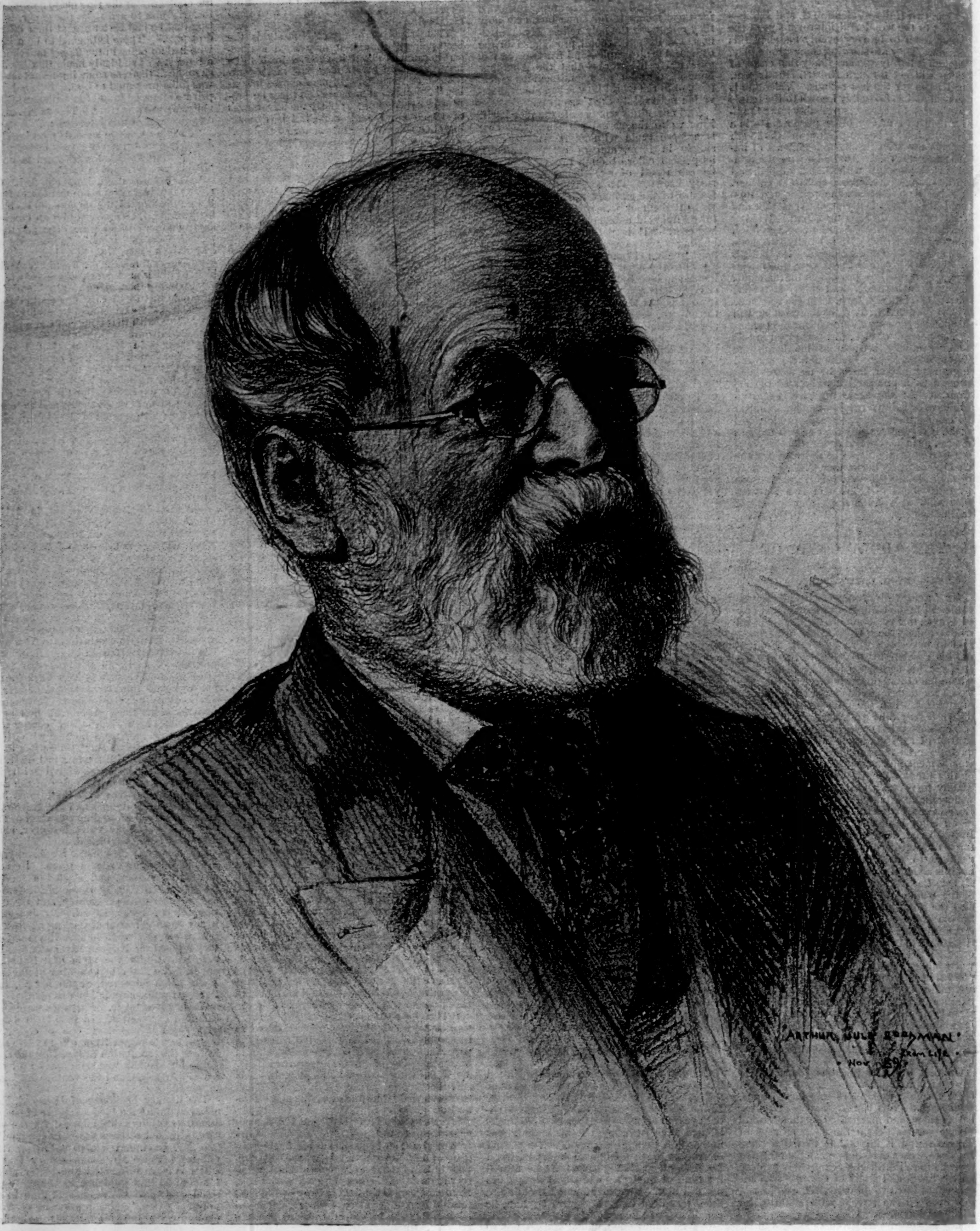
The victory of the *Times* was absolute. People rejoiced over the conclusion of this bitter contest, because honest principles had prevailed over the machinations of the most powerful knaves a great city ever had suffered from.

Born at Poultney, Vermont, in 1811, of Welsh stock, George Jones lost his parents when he was thirteen. In the village there was a small shop-keeper, who had started a modest country sheet, the *Northern Spectator*. Working there as a compositor was a lad, Horace Greeley. In this shop George Jones found employment. The two boys became fast friends, and save for occasional political differences in after-life, George Jones and Horace Greeley always kept up their acquaintance. In 1833 Mr. Jones came to New York, Greeley having preceded him. He took the position of clerk in a dry-goods house. Greeley's first venture in New York journalism was with the *Morning Post*. Later the *Tribune* was founded by him. It was in the *Tribune* office that Mr. Jones's first actual connection with journalism commenced. Here he made his acquaintance with Henry J. Raymond. Some short time prior to the first issue of the *Tribune* in April, 1841, Mr. Raymond had been associated with Mr. Greeley as his aid in the office of the *New-Yorker*. As early as 1842 there must have been in both Mr. Jones's and Mr. Raymond's minds the idea of founding a journal of their own. It was some years, however, before this could be accomplished.

Mr. Jones left New York for Albany, and established a news agency there. He made and saved money, and started a banking business. To Albany came Mr. Raymond as a member of the Assembly, and the question of a paper was mooted. Mr. Jones used to say that the matter of starting a paper was settled one day when he met Raymond, and they crossed the Hudson River at Albany on the ice. Under the style of "Raymond, Jones, & Co.," the first number of the New York *Times* appeared, September 18, 1851. In a year a fair circulation was obtained, but no money was made. Expenses were about balanced by receipts. In 1852 from a four-page paper it was made one of eight, and the price was raised from one to two cents. At first the circulation dropped by the thousands, but the loss was soon made up by increase of readers, and the venture became a successful one.

The literary brilliancy of Henry J. Raymond and the staid business sense of George Jones were admirably adapted for the venture. There had been a tacit understanding that Mr. Raymond was to withdraw from politics, because Mr. Jones knew "that an editor is more influential and better placed for counsel and guidance in the daily personal control of his newspaper than in any political office." Mr. Jones was generous enough not to hold his partner too closely to any agreement, and so Mr. Raymond was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1854, was member of the Assembly in 1861, served a second term as Speaker, and in 1864, was elected to Congress. With the advocacy of Johnson, Mr. Raymond's political career came to a conclusion. Giving the fullest acknowledgment to Raymond for his journalistic ability, it is questionable, without Mr. Jones's steadiness, his mastery of the many details, the facility with which he made friends and kept them, whether the *Times* might not have succumbed.

In 1869 Mr. Raymond died, and by none regretted more than his partner. Then Mr. Jones assumed full control of the paper, and became absolutely its responsible head. Overtures, so it has been stated on undoubted authority, were made then for the purchase of the *Times*, as the belief was entertained that without Mr. Raymond the journal had no chance of existence. More than once after this opportunities for the disposal of the *Times* have been offered to Mr. Jones,



GEORGE JONES,

but he never would so much as discuss the possibility of such a thing. He had labored to make the *Times* what it was, and the *Times* was to be religiously preserved as associated with his name. It was something to be justly proud of and worthy of perpetuation.

Everybody knows how hard was the battle fought with the Tweed ring, and the effects of this most decisive victory for the paper. Fearless of party patronage, the whole country remembers the side it took in the leading political contests of the last eight years. The *Times* Mr. Jones made the embodiment of independent journalism. It never was to follow the drift of party accidentally in power, unless its actions were honest or for the good of the people.

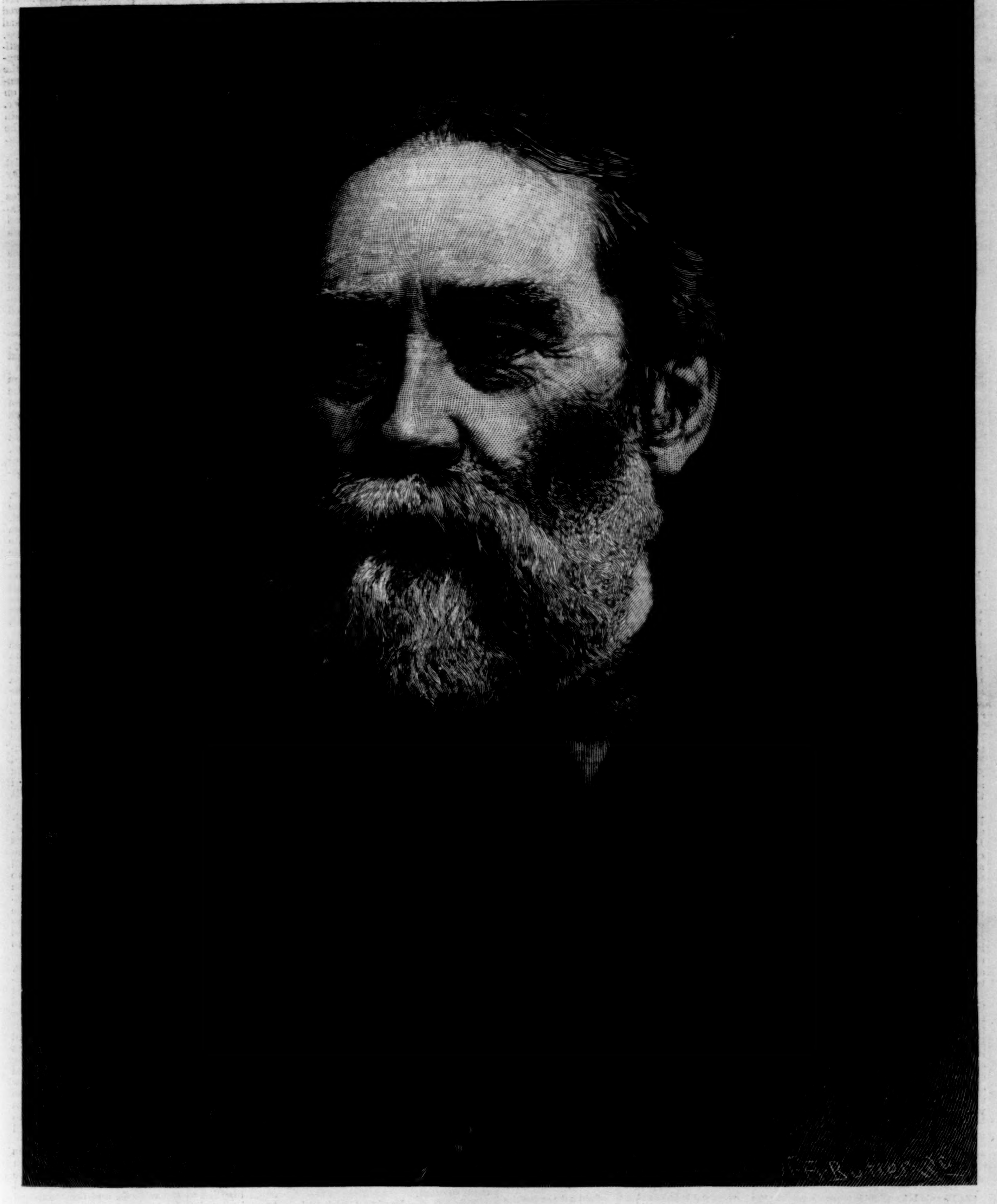
The rebuilding of the *Times* was a task for a man of seventy-five, but George Jones thought the structure had become unfitted for its requirements. The story of the tearing down of the old building and the erection of the new one, processes of demolition and construction going on at one and the same time, not an issue of the paper having been delayed for an instant, shows how courageous was this man of seventy-five in carrying out his well-concerted plans. It was as if it were a monument erected to his memory.

It was through Mr. George Jones's wise forethought that a fund was raised which assured General Grant an income during the last years of his troubled life. There having been a fund collected in 1863 for the relief of the families of policemen killed or disabled during the draft riots, after heavy disbursements, he managed the funds left over with such sound financial judgment that the $39,000 placed in his care in 1865 became $53,000 in 1878.

In his family relations Mr. George Jones was most happy. Married in 1836, he celebrated his golden wedding five years ago. Upon his son, Mr. Gilbert Jones, who has passed a long apprenticeship in the New York *Times*, under the supervision of his father, the guidance of the paper now depends.

If there be hundreds of thousands who declared their admiration for this man, whose influences for good extended back for the last forty years, but who only knew him through his journal, there are others who in the closer business relationships felt the truest respect and affection for George Jones. This arose because he was the most simple-minded, honest, and straightforward of men. They knew that with his great administrative powers he had eliminated all capriciousness from his control. Because he has done as much as any man in the United States to elevate journalism, his memory will not be forgotten. Men who are dead, who have led good and honest lives, leave after them more than the record of worldly success.

B. P.



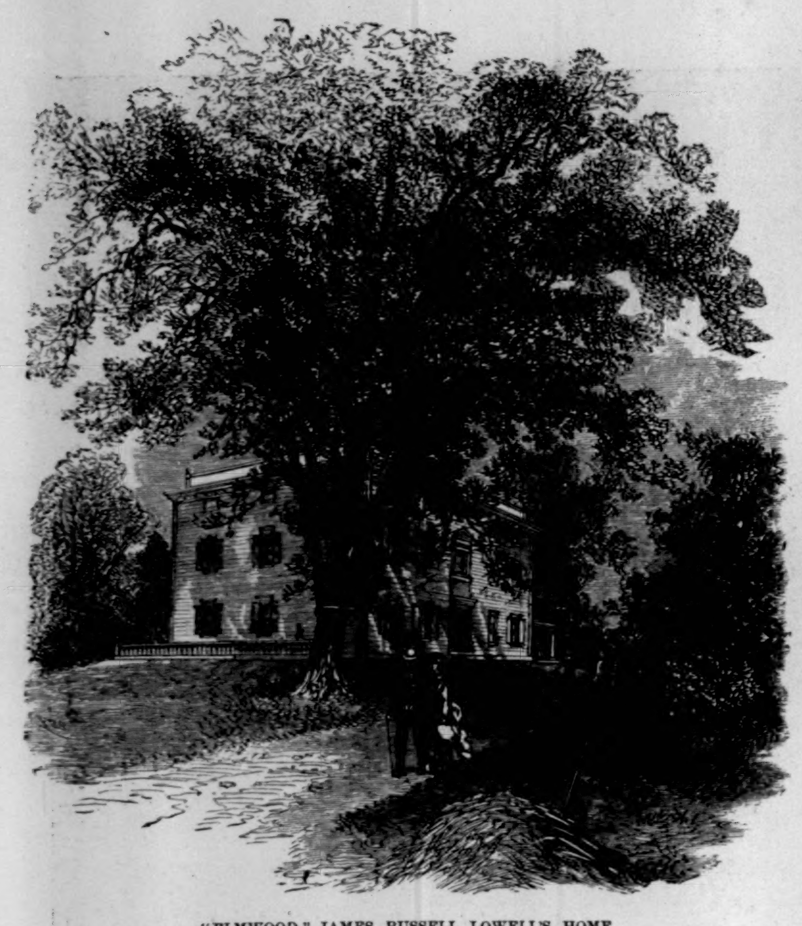
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The death of Mr. Lowell is a grievous loss alike to his country and his friends. Poet, scholar, critic, and statesman, he leaves behind him no more admirable master in each department nor any more truly representative American citizen. His career was one of constant and well-balanced progress, and his influence upon the literary taste and moral earnestness of the younger men of his time was most stimulating and beneficent. With Holmes and Whittier, he was the only survivor of the great morning of our literature. Irving was thirty-six years his senior; Bryant, twenty-five; Emerson, sixteen; Hawthorne, fifteen; and his friend and neighbor, Longfellow, twelve. Upon reaching his seventieth birthday, two years ago, Lowell was singularly vigorous, with the elasticity and spirit of fifty unabused years. But from the illness of a year later he never recovered. After a long absence in Europe as Minister in Spain and England, and a subsequent residence in this country with his only child, a married daughter, he returned to his own house in Cambridge, only to die; and with him go a charming genius, a noble character, extraordinary literary acquirements, and a picturesque, brilliant, and delightful personality.

Intellectually, Lowell was very remarkable. The quickness, grasp, and originality of his mind, his keen wit, his exquisite humor, the fertility of his resource, and the opulence and readiness of his memory were always surprising. Of Puritan descent, he was as characteristic a New-Englander as Emerson, and his moral nature was as positive as his mental quality. In his youth his verse inspired by antislavery agitation was so Tyrtæan that to the end of the orator's life it tipped, as with white flame, the fiery darts of Wendell Phillips's eloquence. But the poetic imagination chastened Lowell's ardor, and mellowed the radical into the wise interpreter of the national conscience. Of the crucial American controversy of the century, Lowell's *Biglow Papers* and Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are the enduring literary monuments, and American patriotism has no nobler expression and English poetry no loftier strain than the "Commemoration Ode."

Lowell's temperament was that of the poet, and his life that of the scholar. He was class poet at Harvard when he was nineteen; he published his first volume of poems when he was twenty-two. At twenty-four he was editor, with Robert Carter, of a literary magazine. At twenty-five he published another volume of poems; and at twenty-six a volume of criticism upon some of the old poets. Before he was thirty he had published "The Vision of St. Launfal, A



"ELMWOOD," JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S HOME.

From "Homes of America."—Copyright, 1879, by D. Appleton & Co.

Fable for Critics," and the first series of the *Biglow Papers*. At thirty-six he succeeded Longfellow at Harvard as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for five years and of the *North American Review* for nine years. He published, between 1864 and 1870, a series of new *Biglow Papers*, two volumes of poems, the *Fireside Travels*, and two volumes of critical essays, *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*. His last work was *Heartsease and Rue*, a volume of poems issued in 1888. In England, before he was Minister, he received in person the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and from Cambridge that of LL.D., and, while still Minister in England, he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, but resigned the office as incompatible with his diplomatic position.

During all this time of literary activity and production his studies in literature were constant and immense. Besides the Greek and Latin authors, he was deeply versed in the old French *fabliaux* and in the Spanish drama, and he was one of the most profound of Dantean scholars. This wide mastery of literature gave his own works extraordinary and captivating richness of illustration; for he carried his learning lightly, and with the grace of a prince wearing an embroidered mantle. He was the master, not the victim, of what he knew. His acquirements were never chains of pedantry; they were the golden armor of a vigorous manhood and of a patriotic citizenship.

Mr. Lowell's interest in public affairs was that of a clear-sighted man who knew history and other nations, and had the strongest faith in a government based upon popular intelligence. The country never sent abroad in the person of its Minister a better American. Spain and England saw in him not only a man who by his literary genius had conferred honor upon his country, but who showed that the finest quality of manhood, a wholesome common-sense thoroughly trained and amply equipped, was distinctively American. His patriotism was not the brag of conceit nor the blindness of ignorance, and the America of the hope and faith of its noblest children was never depicted with more searching insight than in his plea for democracy spoken at a mechanics' institute while he was Minister in England; nor were the manly independence and courtesy of the American character ever more finely illustrated than in his essay upon "a certain condescension in foreigners." It was a patriotism which did not admit that arrogance and conceit and blatant self-assertion are peculiarly American, nor insist that everything American was for that reason better than everything which was not American. It was never unmindful that the root of our political system and of our national character was not aboriginally American, nor did it deny to the traditions of an older civilization and to the life of older nations a charm distinctively their own. Our literature has no work more essentially American than the *Biglow Papers*, not only in the dialect form, but in its dramatic portraiture of the popular conscience of New England, of Lincoln's "plain people" who have given the distinctive impulse to American civilization, and from whose virtues has largely sprung the American character.

It is worth while to lay stress upon this quality of Mr. Lowell, because it is the one to which much of his peculiar influence is due, yet which is often overlooked or denied. That influence sprang from the humanity of his genius, his generous sympathy with noble aspiration and endeavor, his political independence, and his steadfast fidelity to the high ideals of his youth. Something of his personal fascination is felt both in his poetry and his prose, and he has so cheered and inspired much of the best American life of his time that his death will fall as a bereavement upon multitudes who never saw his face.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

SHOULD THE UNITED STATES HELP CHILI?

BY RICARDO L. TRUMBULL.

[Mr. Ricardo L. Trumbull is the gentleman who was sent to this country from Chili as the agent of the Congressionalists, in the hope that he might prevail upon the United States government to recognize his party as belligerents. His first act on arrival was to load the *Itata* with arms, and he is now under bonds of $25,000 for so doing, and awaiting trial. Mr. Trumbull's father was an American, who married in Chili, and sent his son to Yale to be educated. From Yale Law School Mr. Ricardo Trumbull graduated in 1883. He later studied law in Berlin, and practised it at home in Santiago. Two years ago, as a member of Congress, he attacked Balmaceda and his followers, and on the outbreak of this revolution was, in consequence, among those whose arrest was ordered. He escaped to Iquique disguised as a sailor, and his home and library and personal effects in Santiago were confiscated.

His speech at the Yale alumni dinner this summer made a remarkable impression, the oldest of those present manifesting their sympathy by standing on their chairs and cheering him and his cause. The impression he made in San Francisco was no less enthusiastic, and after his arrest by the United States government, bail was offered him to any amount by business men of the city who had been but a week before complete strangers to him. Since the *Itata* affair, Pedro Montt, the son of President Manuel Montt, of the Congressionalists, has taken up Mr. Trumbull's work, and is endeavoring to influence the authorities at Washington to renounce their neutrality and to recognize his party.]

UNDER the Constitution adopted in 1833, Chili had until the 1st of January last enjoyed a most wonderful career of peace and prosperity. She was the one republic of South America which had shown a capacity for self-government.

Whilst frequent revolutions had retarded the progress and darkened the annals of her sister republics, she had maintained a government of law and order, and the sway of her Constitution had never been interrupted.

The citizens, although they recognized the deficiencies of their Constitution, had learned to respect and love it, as well as the traditions which had grown up under it.

Considering these facts, as well as the peaceful and law-abiding spirit of her citizens, we cannot wonder that so shrewd an observer of our social and political institutions as Mr. Theodore Child should, in one of his interesting articles in HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, have said, "Chili has long outgrown the period of dictators and revolutions, and her political evolution must henceforward be always constitutional and never violent." Events have unfortunately proven that Mr. Child was mistaken, but the opinion which he expressed was also the opinion of every Chilian citizen and of the foreign residents. Mr. Child, who visited Chili a year before the breaking out of the revolution, referring to the political difficulties which then existed, says: "The great point at issue in Chili, as it is, indeed, the great point in all the South American republics, is whether or not the President shall continue to wield the enormous power which the Constitution gives him, and whether or not his intervention in electoral matters shall cease; in short, whether republican institutions, representative government, and local autonomy shall become a reality in these countries, and not a mere illusory programme." President Balmaceda, he adds, "has had the rare privilege, which has not fallen to the lot of any of his predecessors, to have made himself exceedingly unpopular by his individual pretensions and his obstinate refusal to bend in conformity with the opinion of the legislative body; and the consequence is that both Liberals and Conservatives are united in a strong majority against the 'Jefe Supremo,' as the President is called, and some notable reform of the Constitution seems imminent." Mr. Child very clearly states the question involved; he foreshadows the coming struggle. That this should have been violent and not peaceful, as he supposed it would be, was due solely to the criminality of an unscrupulous and dishonest usurper.

The events leading up to this revolution cannot fail to interest Americans, and I will, as briefly as possible, relate them.

Señor José Manuel Balmaceda, the present Dictator, was elected President of Chili in 1886, for a term of five years. At first he seemed anxious to serve the best interests of his country; he surrounded himself with honest men, and his good endeavors received the hearty support of Congress. But even before the expiration of the first two years of his administration he had determined to name his own successor in the Presidency. So bold a determination, and one arrived at so early in his administration, must needs have had some powerful motive in its support. The motive was a purely mercenary one. He desired to carry out certain schemes for his own enrichment, and as the Constitution did not permit his re-election, his efforts were directed to the selection of a man that could be counted upon to promote his schemes, and also to the securing of a new Congress of subservient followers, who might be depended on to favor his plans. The man who, in the judgment of the President, was best qualified to carry out his wishes was Señor Enrique Sanfuentes, who had for many years had the administering of his private affairs. His candidacy now became the one object of his administration. No one, however, believed that the President could seriously meditate such a step, for Sanfuentes was regarded as a Clerical and not as a Liberal, because, in order to curry favor with the Church party, he had joined them in a public protest against the civil marriage law and other Liberal measures of reform; he was, moreover, a man without political experience, and whose reputation for integrity was of the most doubtful sort.

The President's acts, however, soon convinced everybody that his sole purpose was to designate his successor. All the political machinery was put in motion for the accomplishment of his object. The intendentes of provinces and the governors of departments were removed in order to make way for those pledged to the candidacy of Sanfuentes. Falsehood, intrigue, bribery, false imprisonment, intimidation, and even murder were resorted to for the carrying out of his criminal designs.

These shameless acts produced wide-spread dissatisfaction, and his cabinet, becoming convinced of the existence of an official candidate, and perceiving the President's treachery, resigned in October, 1889.

The different groups composing the Liberal party now united in an effort to put down the President's shameful intervention in electoral matters, and to assure to the people a free expression of their will in the choice of their candidates. They could no longer have confidence in the man who had deceived them so often.

This left the President with only a few personal supporters in Congress. He was taken by surprise at finding himself so completely deserted; he seemed stunned by the evidence of his impotence. Placed in the alternative of submitting to the honorable traditions of his predecessors or of undertaking a *coup d'état*, he submitted, or pretended to do so, by naming a cabinet which represented the Congressional majority.

He again assured this new ministry that he had no candidate, that he was heartily in favor of the electoral reforms then pending in Congress, and that, in order that more time should be given for the discussion of these important measures, he would call them to extra sessions in April.

In view of these assurances, Congress passed the budget, as well as the law fixing the strength of the army and navy. But it had no sooner passed these laws than the President set about to accomplish his criminal purpose. On January 10th he suddenly, and without a word of explanation, dismissed his cabinet, closed Congress, and summoned a ministry of his own creatures, who favored the candidacy of Sanfuentes, and who had no support in the country or in Congress. This was a direct attack on national institutions, for Chilian cabinets are of the English type; the ministers are appointed by the President without confirmation by the Senate, and having seats in Congress, depend on a parliamentary majority for their existence. Every kind of abuse and outrage was again perpetrated by this new ministry, and the President failed to keep his promise to summon Congress to extra sessions in April.

Congress met of its own right on the 1st of June, 1890, and the Senate and House, by overwhelming majorities, censured the ministry, which was presided over by Sanfuentes himself, for its failure to call Congress to extra sessions, and because of their pronounced support of an official candidate. But although it had been a custom sanctioned by the practice of fifty-seven years that a ministry which received a vote of censure should resign and be replaced by one having a parliamentary majority, the President in this case refused to accept their resignation, and Señor Sanfuentes had the insolent arrogance, which well became his ignorance and ill-breeding, to declare that henceforth they would be a Presidential and not a Parliamentary ministry, and that a vote of censure would be regarded by them as a title of honor.

This naturally produced great indignation in Congress, and the cabinet which had the boldness to make such an assertion did not have the courage to face the storm which they had raised, but in fear and trembling, like criminals fleeing from justice, sought refuge in the Moneda (Presidential palace), and never, as became the ministry of a free country, attempted to justify their course before the Congress whom they had insulted.

Congress, finding that a vote of censure, which had always been efficacious where men of honor and dignity were concerned, had now no effect, because the men whom they had censured had no sense of private honor or of public duty, determined to use the more vigorous measures which the Constitution had placed in their hands, and resolved that they would postpone the passage of the law authorizing the collection of taxes, and would not discuss the budget until the President should appoint a ministry of honest men.

Before such efficient measures there was nothing left for the President to do but to submit or resign. He did not think himself sufficiently strong to trust his fortunes to a *coup d'état*, but undertook to intimidate the representatives of the people; he commenced by making wholesale dismissals in the army and amongst public employés, and organized troops of armed ruffians supported by the police to attack Congressmen. The patriotism of the citizens, their sense of dignity, and the consciousness of their rights formed them into a veritable guard of honor which saved their representatives from harm at the hands of these villains.

Public excitement was now at fever-heat. The leading citizens everywhere assembled, and petitioned the President to dismiss his cabinet and save the country from impending catastrophe. He turned a deaf ear to all patriotic appeals, and seemed determined to bring about the country's ruin. Just then the wires flashed the news across the mountains that the liberty-loving people of the Argentine Republic had deposed their tyrant, and Balmaceda, fearful lest the same fate should overtake him, determined to yield, and dismissed his ministry.

Balmaceda now called Chief-Justice Prats, of the Supreme Court, who formed a ministry of men who had taken no active part in the political struggle. This ministry had the unanimous support of Congress. On appearing before Congress to explain their programme, they declared that they would continue in office only while they could count upon the support of Congress, thus asserting and re-establishing the true, the historical doctrine of our institutions. Congress now unanimously passed the tax bills, because they had confidence in the ministry, and thus tranquillized the public, and put an end to the evils which the President's criminal course had produced.

Congress had laid out a definite programme of work, and had resolved that the bills which should first have their attention were the electoral law, which would insure electoral liberties to the citizens, and the municipal law, which, by placing municipalities on an independent footing, would educate the people in the principles of self-government, and at the same time be an offset and a corrective to Presidential omnipotence.

The Prats ministry accepted these measures, seconded the efforts of Congress, and succeeded in inspiring that confidence which is always given to honest men. There was much public rejoicing because of this peaceful solution of the difficulties which had threatened the republic.

But the manifestations of public confidence given to this new ministry alarmed the President, who regarded its success as a death-blow to his plans of electoral intervention. The registration of voters under the new law was to take place in the first days of October, and if this registration was carried out without intervention, he could not hope to designate his successor, nor to control the election of the next Congress. It was necessary, therefore, to get rid of this ministry, which was determined not to interfere. He took advantage of the first pretext that presented itself to oblige them to resign.

Judge Prats attempted to remove a dishonest police official, and the President coolly informed him that he would not tolerate the removal of any of his friends. Judge Prats and his colleagues were thus obliged to resign, and made known the cause of their resignation.

The President accepted their resignations with unfeigned alacrity and delight, and named a ministry composed of individuals that could be counted on to carry out his criminal intent. Senator Claudio Vicuña, one of the three Senators who had shown conspicuous servility in supporting the President, and who now was promised the Presidency, was placed at the head of the cabinet; its other members were just as insignificant as himself, and men of most questionable antecedents. The first act of this new ministry was to close Congress, which had assembled for the purpose of passing the budget and the law regulating the existence of the army and navy.

The registration now took place in accordance with the President's wishes. Every outrage was committed, the army and the police were used to prevent any but the adherents of Balmaceda from registering.

The danger of a disturbance of public order now again became imminent; numerous and vehement representations were addressed to the Executive by the leading citizens of Chili, by public corporations, and by the press of the country urging him to respect the Constitution and the will of the people; but all was unavailing.

He had now resolved to force revolution upon the country, and commenced active preparations for it. Public employés were separated from their posts because they would not lend themselves to the support of dishonest measures, and their places were filled by the President's incapable and subservient henchmen; the officers of the army were obliged to sign a pledge that they would support the President in any event. Thus the men whose services and years entitled them to honor and respect were obliged to resign rather than serve in an army where self-respect and merit had ceased to be virtues. He also attempted to bribe the officers of the navy, and undertook a voyage from Valparaiso to Talcahuano, with all the fleet for an escort, with this object in view; but he had mistaken the temper of our gallant officers, who rejected his flattery and spurned his offers and his bribes with that contempt which they always inspire in the breasts of honest and brave men.

Everybody saw his preparations, but the people, accustomed to the enjoyment of tranquillity under the rule of honest Presidents, did not believe that Balmaceda would trample under foot all precedent and tradition; they did not believe that he would destroy the edifice which the honesty, the prudence, and the patriotism of three generations had built up; they had just reason for mistrusting him, but they could not believe that a Chilian would be guilty of high treason to the state. He desired to name as his successor a man who would screen him from exposure and disgrace, and failing in this, he wished to assume all public power, and this was only possible through revolution. He believed that he was sufficiently powerful to quell any uprising, and that his illegal acts would produce at most some protest from Congress and some slight disturbance of order, which would furnish him with the pretext he desired for proclaiming himself a Dictator and for banishing the leaders of the revolution.

One by one the liberties of the people were taken away; their meetings were broken up by armed ruffians, supported by the police, who shot down innocent citizens; the right of meeting was then completely denied; the newspaper offices were assaulted; men were imprisoned without cause, and there was no redress, for the President and his cabinet were themselves the instigators of these outrages.

By his closing of Congress and his refusal to summon it, he rendered it impossible to carry on the government legally after the 1st of January, for the Constitution provides that "only by virtue of a law is it permissible to fix annually the strength of the army, naval, and land forces, and to fix annually the expenses of public government." But Balmaceda, disregarding these explicit provisions of our fundamental charter, on the 1st of January last issued a proclamation declaring that he had been obliged to violate the Constitution, and that he would continue to violate it. He furthermore proclaimed: "I count on the support of the army and navy, who know that I am their constitutional chief, and that they are essentially obedient forces that cannot deliberate."

The people of Chili were thus given to understand that they were no longer the citizens of a constitutional republic, and that they must either rise in defense of their liberties, or submit to the rule of a tyrant.

Congress, in view of the President's proclamation and exercising a constitutional prerogative, deposed him. The entire fleet and the leading officers of the army at once offered their services for the re-establishment of constitutional government.

As soon as the Dictator heard that the fleet had declared against his authority, he issued a decree assuming all public powers, although the Constitution provides that "no magistrate, no person nor assembly of persons, can, even under pretext of extraordinary circumstances, arrogate to himself or itself other powers than those expressly conferred." He closed all newspapers and destroyed their presses; he imprisoned Congressmen, judges, and many of the leading citizens, and ordered others to be shot without a trial; he had men and women tortured for expressing sympathy with the revolution; he closed all places of amusement; he ordered his soldiers to pillage the farms of the leading members of Congress and confiscated their property; he converted all the leading clubs into barracks. In fact, there is no cruelty which he has not inflicted, and no outrage and no crime against the liberty of the citizens which he has left uncommitted.

The Supreme Court decided that his acts were unconstitutional, and he thereupon closed all the courts, and imprisoned many of the judges.

He abrogated the electoral laws, and in order that his Dictatorship might have some semblance of legality, declared the existing Congress to have ceased in its functions, and ordered new elections to be held for a so-called Constituent Assembly, which should reform the Constitution which he had violated.

Inasmuch as under martial law there could be no opposition, all the candidates which he designated were unanimously elected. The first act of these so-called Congressmen was to pass a law legalizing all the criminal acts of the Dictator, and by which they divested themselves of all legislative attributes in order to clothe him with irresponsible authority. They thus disclosed their origin, and manifested their abject servility to their lord and master. Although the electoral law provides that no office-holder can be a Senator or Deputy, more than one-half the members of this so-called Congress are office holders, and fully one-third are relatives of the triumvirate—Balmaceda, Sanfuentes, Vicuña.

The Congressional party has been successful from the first, and now occupies the territory comprising the northern half of Chili, which yields more than two-thirds of the revenue of the republic. It has a well-organized government, which commands the respect of foreigners as well as Chilians. The territory under its rule is held in undisputed possession, and commercial relations are maintained with all the nations of the world. The peace and order which prevail under the government of Congress is in bold contrast to the reign of terror existing under the military régime of the Dictator. Here all the courts administer justice, while under the rule of the Dictator there is only martial law. The character of the government; the extent of territory occupied; the amount of revenue derived; the wealth, character, and intelligence of its supporters; the strength of its naval and land forces; its foreign commerce—all taken together are a combination of circumstances which entitles this government to be recognized as a belligerent.

The late Francis Wharton, than whom, I think, I can cite no higher authority, in a learned opinion thus expressed himself in regard to the recognition of belligerency:

"We ought not in cases of insurrection in foreign countries to acknowledge insurgents as belligerents until the insurrection establishes itself on such a basis of apparent permanency as to put it, at least for a time, on an apparent parity with the parent state. When such a condition of things is manifest, then a proclamation of neutrality should be issued, and the insurgent vessels admitted to the same rights in our ports as those of the government which they assail."

This opinion is likewise held by such high authorities on international law as Woolsey, Dana, Wheaton, Bluntschli, Hall, Phillimore, Fiore, Calvo, and others.

There are also many precedents showing that the United States have repeatedly recognized belligerency in cases where the insurgent government did not begin to possess the character nor the strength possessed by the Congressional government of Chili.

In the South American revolutions, says Woolsey, "the concession of belligerent rights were given freely by neutrals, most freely by the United States; and as for proclamation, our government went so far as to issue one in 1838 for the prevention of unlawful interference in the civil war of Canada, where no civil or military organization had been set up."

The government of the United States also recognized the belligerency of Texas; and in the civil war in Mexico, while recognizing the government of Juarez as the rightful government, the United States recognized both the parties to the conflict as belligerents. Bolivia long ago recognized our belligerency. Why should the other governments longer refuse to do us justice?

If the Congressional party had possessed arms, there is no doubt that the struggle would long ago have been brought to a termination.

Had they been able to secure the arms which the *Itata* took for them, there is strong reason to believe that the struggle would already have terminated. The *Itata* was seized on suspicion, when there was not even the testimony of one credible witness against her. She was seized because it was suspected that she intended to take on the arms of the schooner *Robert and Minnie*—an act which the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had declared, a few days before, was "not in violation of the neutrality laws."

There was no process of law, and the *Itata's* captain was informed by counsel that the seizure was illegal. The Chamber of Commerce of San Diego also held a meeting to protest against the illegality of the seizure. The man placed on board and deputized as a marshal for the occasion was a private detective employed by the agents of Balmaceda.

We do not mean to justify the captain's course in running away with this marshal, but we consider that impartial men will be inclined to consider that the facts mentioned, while not sufficient to justify the captain's course, were at least ill calculated to command the respect due to the authority of the United States. Besides, where men are fighting for their liberty, and feel that a nation's life depends on the success of their enterprise, they cannot be expected to judge of matters with the same calmness possessed by disinterested parties. Their course was unwise, but I am certain that every American feels that one of their officers, placed in like circumstances, would have done precisely what the captain of the *Itata* did.

The exportation of munitions of war has never been prohibited by the American government.

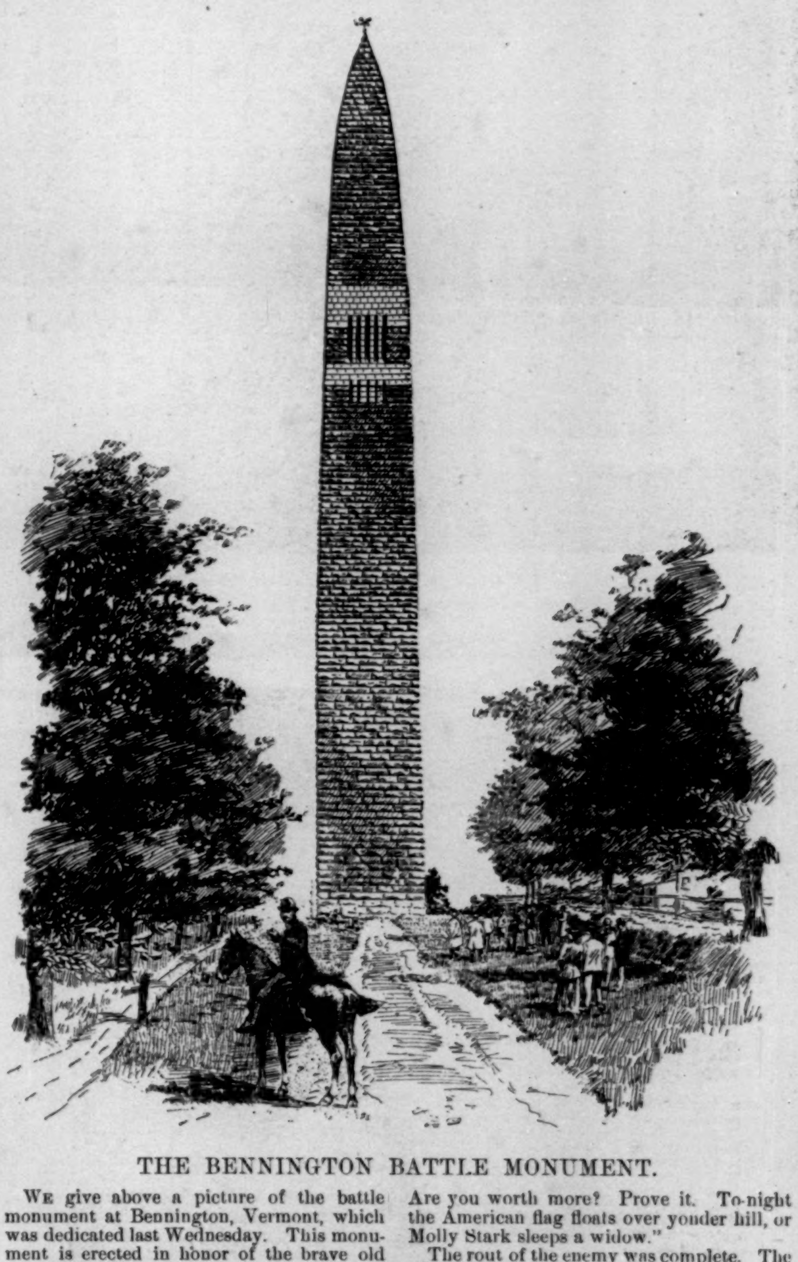
Mr. Jefferson when Secretary of State declared that "our citizens have always been free to make, vend, and export arms"; and Mr. Hamilton said, in a Treasury circular, "The purchasing within and exporting from the United States by way of merchandise articles commonly called contraband, being generally warlike instruments and military stores, is free to all the parties at war, and is not to be interfered with."

This has ever since been considered to be the doctrine of the United States, and has been sustained by the opinions of judges, Attorney-Generals, and Secretaries of State.

The government at Iquiqui, disapproving the conduct of the *Itata's* captain, delivered the ship and the arms to the American admiral, with the understanding that they should be immediately tried by the American courts for the supposed violation of neutrality; but although the ship has now been back a month and a half, she has not been tried.

The sympathy of the American people has always gone out to those struggling against tyranny and oppression, and it has been gratifying to Chilians to know that in the present conflict their sympathies have been decidedly in favor of those fighting against the Dictator Balmaceda. I know of no struggle so deserving of the sympathy of those interested in the success of republican institutions. This revolution was forced on the country by a usurper, who was bent on destroying the constitutional prerogatives of a Congress, which asked that the electoral rights of the people should be respected. The people were forced to take up arms in defence of their cherished institutions. It was not a revolt against constituted authority, but against the usurpation of a tyrant. The honest and brave men of Chili have sacrificed everything in their patriotic endeavor to re-establish the sway of their Constitution. They did not take up arms in order to gratify the ambition of any one man, but to save from strangulation liberty and self-government. If there could be any doubt as to the merits of the case, these have been set aside by the Supreme Court—the final arbiter in constitutional countries as to the illegality of any acts—which has decided the President's course to be unconstitutional. This Court was set aside by the Dictator for so deciding.

Should the fortunes of war favor the Dictator, Chili will sink to the lowest level, under the rule of the dishonest men who now surround the Dictator. The places that once were filled by the men who were the honor and glory of the republic are now occupied by gamblers, thieves, demagogues, and men whose only patriotism is that which the prospect of public plunder inspires. All the wealth, character, and intelligence of the country, all that is bravest and best, are ranged on the side of Congress. The issue of the contest cannot be doubtful.

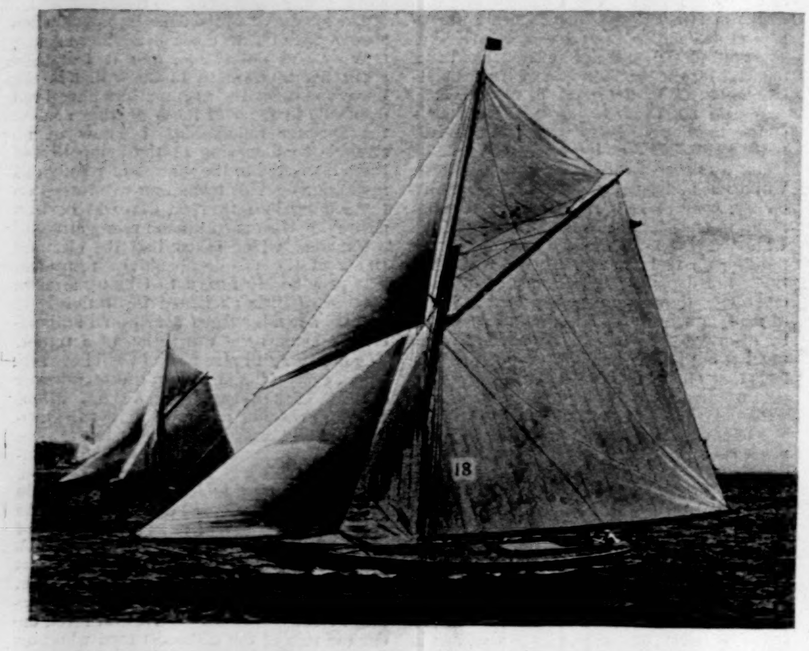


THE BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT.

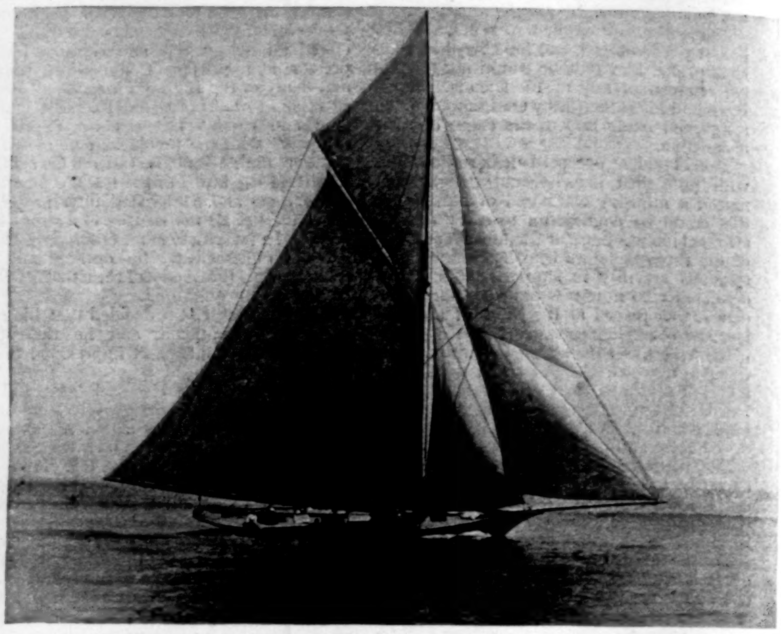
We give above a picture of the battle monument at Bennington, Vermont, which was dedicated last Wednesday. This monument is erected in honor of the brave old Revolutionary soldiers who gained a glorious victory over the British redcoats at that place more than one hundred and thirteen years ago, under the command of General John Stark. The Americans were amassed to receive orders at mid-day. The locality was a large field, the entrance to which was the sliding-bars and tall posts peculiar to the community. Stark leaped to the topmost rail, steadied himself by the tall post, and harangued his troops as follows: "Now, my men, yonder are the Hessians; they were bought for seven pounds tenpence a man. Are you worth more? Prove it. To-night the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

The rout of the enemy was complete. The fruits of the victory were, besides this, ammunition, cannon, horses, and seven hundred prisoners. More than two hundred of the enemy were found dead on the field. It is to the memory of these men that the Vermonters have erected their monument.

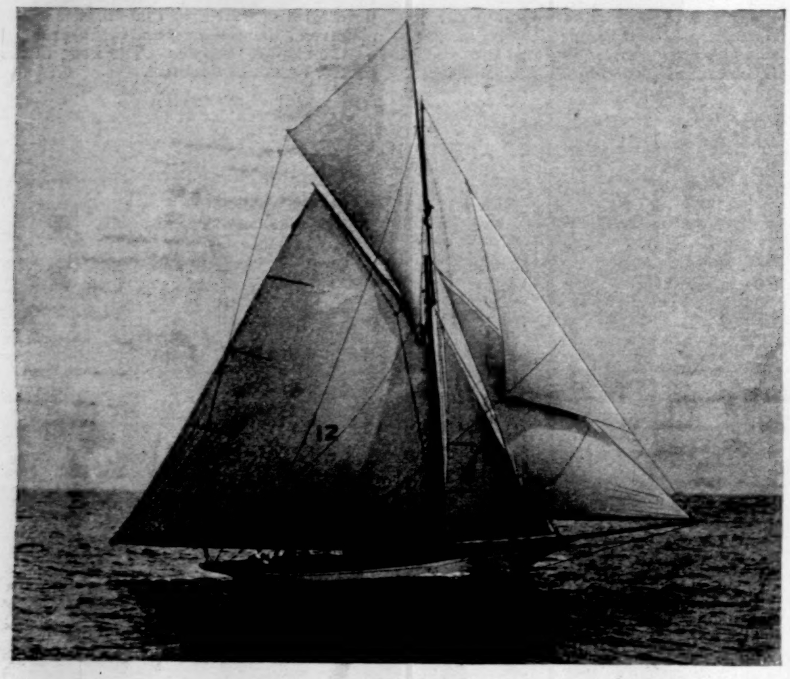
It is 308 feet high, being the highest battle monument in this country, and nearly 100 feet higher than the famous one on Bunker Hill at Boston. It was erected by W. H. Ward, of Lowell, Massachusetts, the expense being borne largely by the State of Vermont and the other New England States.



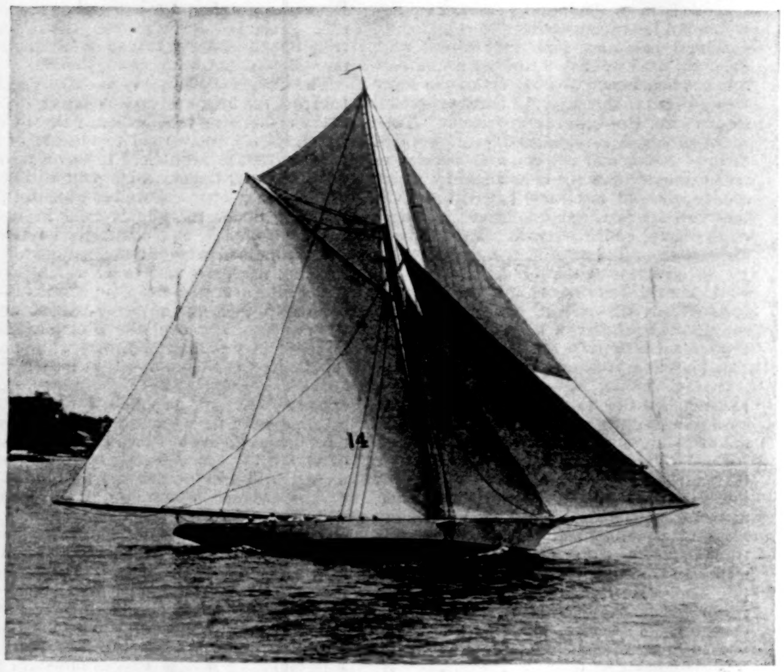
JESSICA.



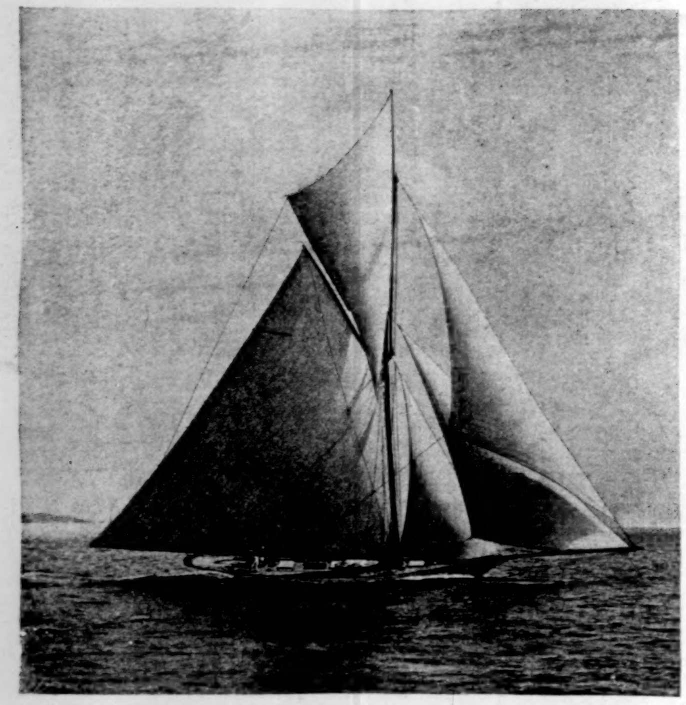
OWEENE.



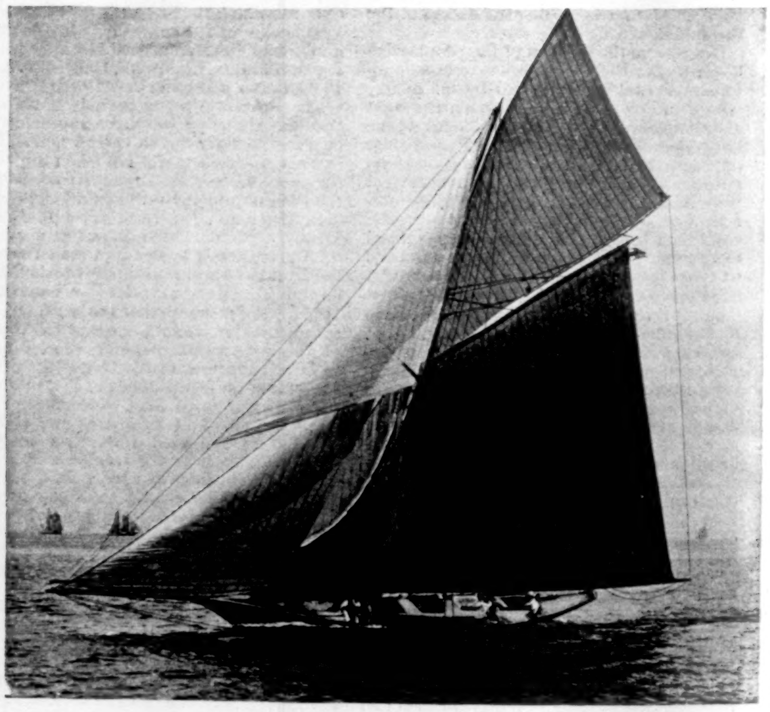
BEATRIX.



MINEOLA.



SAYONARA.

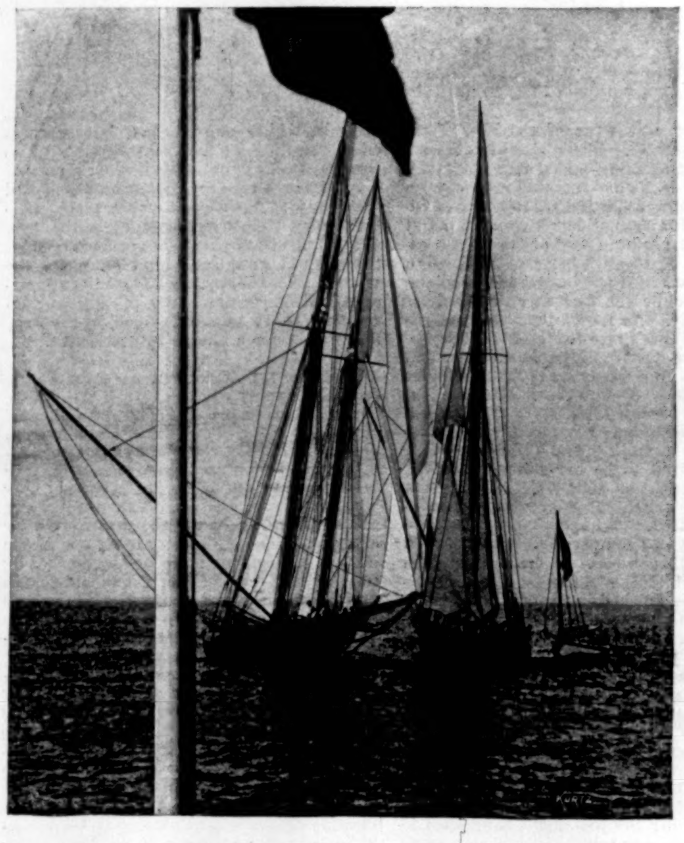


BARBARA.

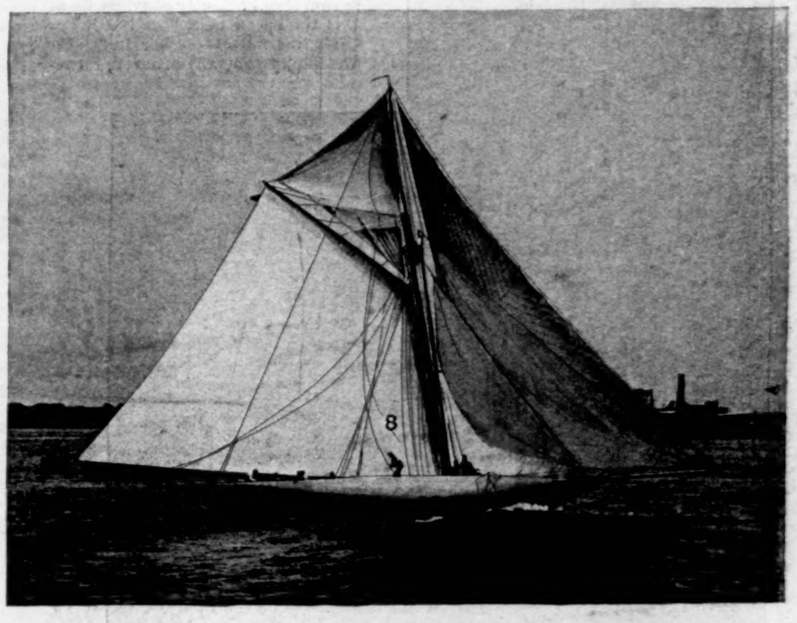
THE RACING YACHTS OF '91.—[See Page 641.]

THE RACING YACHTS OF '91.

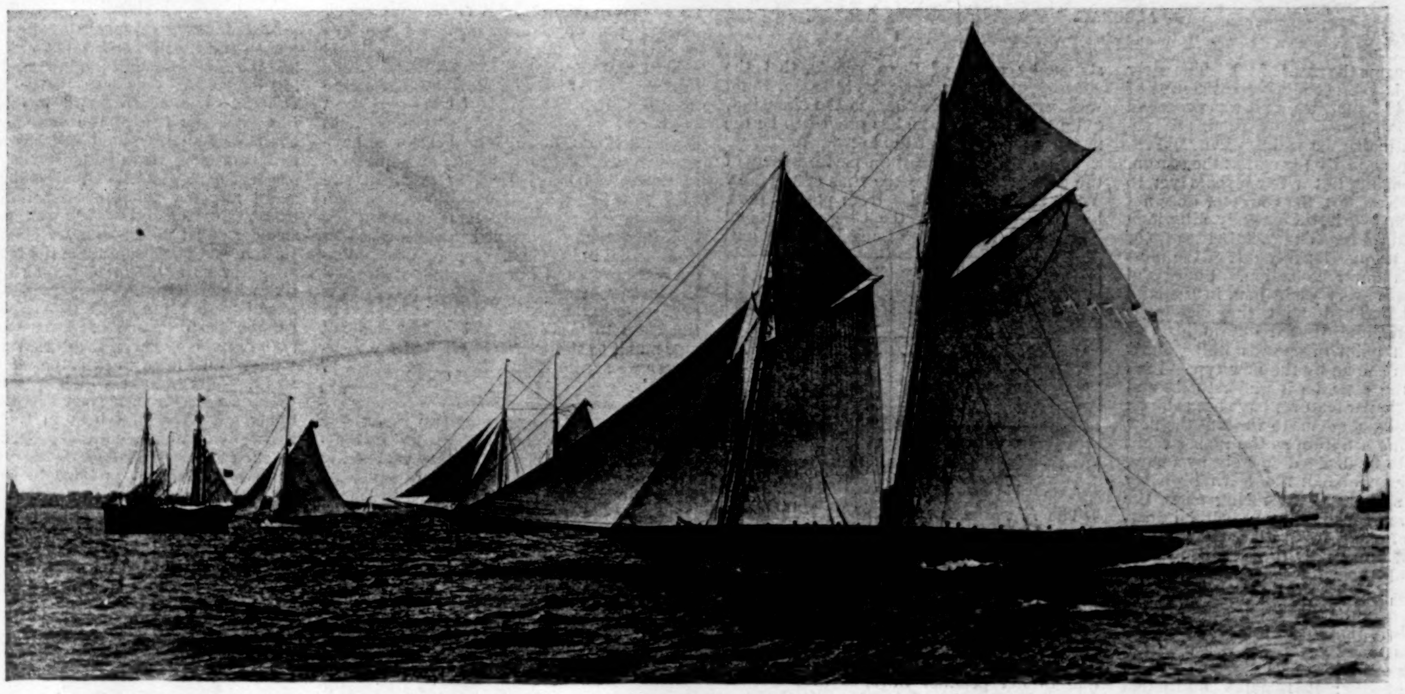
TRUE to her gender, the racing-yacht has ever been a fickle jade. Not in the memory of sportsmen has one lived out its natural life, while in the last few years each season has developed a new and different type, all tending more and more to the mere racing-machine. Two years ago some of the best racing of the decade was furnished by the "seventies," of which class *Katrina*, *Shamrock*, *Bedouin*, and *Titania* were brilliant members. Last year a great fleet of 40-footers, containing *Gossoon*, *Minerva*, *Choctaw*, *Gorilla*, *Liris*, *Mariquita*, *Tomahawk*, and *Moccasin*, absorbed all attention, and



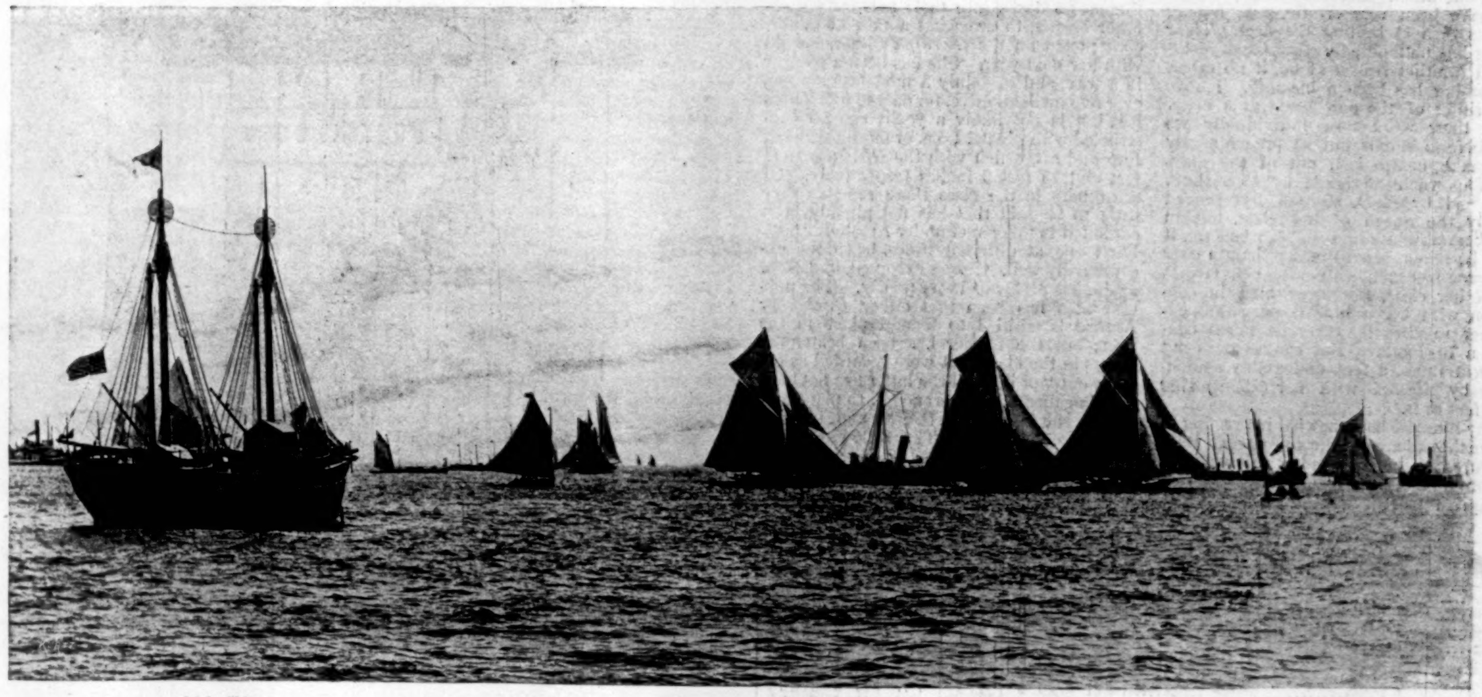
VOLUNTEER AND GRACIE FOULING.



GLORIANA.



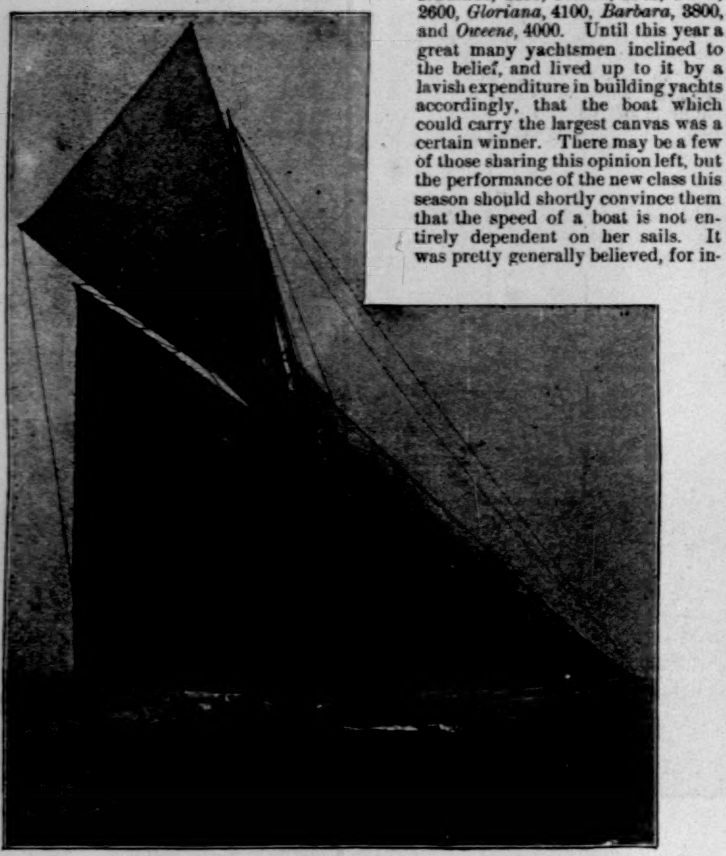
VOLUNTEER WINNING.



Light-Ship. *Gloriana.* *Electra.* *Sayonara.* *Owene.*

START OF THE 46-FOOTERS.

THE GOELET CUP RACES AT NEWPORT.



ALBORAK.

that type became the racer of '90. The early spring of this year brought great stories of the coming 46-footer, which it was promised would develop tremendous speed, and entirely revolutionize the racing-yacht. Writing now at practically the end of the season, for there remains but a few events yet to be sailed at Newport, the 46-footer does not appear to have fulfilled entirely all which was promised for it. The yachting season of '91 has been unquestionably one of the most successful in our recollection. Successful chiefly because every yachtsman in the land has seemed imbued with the racing or cruising spirit, and turned out in his full strength. In point of speed nothing startling has been shown by the new type—I am writing of the *class*, be it understood—and whether particular features have been shown sufficiently advantageous to warrant the new boat becoming a fixture as the racing-yacht is a matter to be decided entirely by fancy, and a verdict we shall not learn probably until next spring. As a racing class, the 40-footers are as dead as the proverbial door-nail. Out of about twenty launched during their term of favor, only three remain in the possession of their original owners. And yet this class furnished rare good sport, and to my way of thinking came nearer being within the definitions of its class than any we have seen in many years. It is a question whether the 46-footers, as a class, have been an entire success; it remains undecided whether they are faster than the 40's, when the difference in length and sail area is taken into consideration. Certainly their performances have been very erratic, each having taken its turn at leading the fleet. Their building has undoubtedly stimulated yachting, and for that reason alone, if no other, their coming has been a blessing. I have been writing of the new boats as a class. Taking their work now individually we find *Gloriana* stands out so pre-eminently as to make comparison out of the question. This yacht, designed by Herreshoff, and owned by E. D. Morgan, has proved not only the queen of her class, but in her way an absolute marvel. To be sure, it should be remembered that her length over all is seven feet greater than the next largest boat of her class, *Barbara*, which, in conjunction with her unique construction, enables her to virtually carry as much canvas as a 70-footer. But canvas does not alone win races, a fact undeniably demonstrated by *Alborak* with her (about) 4700 square feet of it.

It may likewise be somewhat interesting to compare the sail-area of the 46-footers. Definite figures are not at hand at this writing, but approximately the *Alborak* carries about 4700 square feet of canvas, *Mineola*, 3900, *Nautilus*, 3800, *Jessica*, 3600, *Uvira*, 2600, *Gloriana*, 4100, *Barbara*, 3800, and *Oweene*, 4000. Until this year a great many yachtsmen inclined to the belief, and lived up to it by a lavish expenditure in building yachts accordingly, that the boat which could carry the largest canvas was a certain winner. There may be a few of those sharing this opinion left, but the performance of the new class this season should shortly convince them that the speed of a boat is not entirely dependent on her sails. It was pretty generally believed, for instance, by some of these people, that the *Alborak*, with her tremendous sail-area, would walk away from the others in the class, but, quite the contrary, she has proved to be the most disappointing of the lot.

The following table of the performances of the 46 footers includes the runs of the New York Yacht Club cruise from port to port, but does not include the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club race on the Long Island Sound:

Record, August 15, '91.	*Starts...*	*Firsts...*	*Seconds.*	*Thirds..*	*Fourths.*	*Fifths...*	*Disabled*
Alborak*	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barbara	4	..	1	2	1	..	..
Beatrix	8	5	2	1	..	..	..
Gloriana	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Jessica	12	2	5	3	2	..	..
Mineola	14	2	3	6	..	..	3
Nautilus	9	..	2	2	4	1	..
Oweene	9	4	2	1	1	..	1
Sayonara	18	4	6	5	1	..	2

* Started in one or two races, but did not finish.

The *Gloriana* is undoubtedly *the* production of this yacht-racing age. Her every line has been drawn with the single idea of speed. She has, without question, been a success; so decided a one in fact that racing, so far as first place is concerned, was settled so early in the season as to take from subsequent events much interest. Assuming the *Gloriana's* performances to have been due to her peculiar lines, as they are undoubtedly, not one of the others in the class can ever hope to prove a match for her; but it will be interesting, if the yacht-racing contingent go down into their pockets yet another season, to see what a new 46-footer, constructed on the *Gloriana's* lines, can do with her next year. She has been a pioneer in a way, and certainly a model that must ever remain distinctive, for on a 45 foot 3 inch l. w. l. it is not likely a yacht can be constructed with greater l. o. a. or more overhang fore and aft, which with the *Gloriana* is 11 feet and 13 feet 9 inches respectively. Of the others in the class there remains very little to be said that has not already been exploited in this paper under Amateur Sport. Each one, at different times, has done exceptionally well, *Alborak* excepted, and each, again, has performed very poorly. The popular idea has been that either *Oweene* or *Beatrix* is entitled to second place in the fleet; but the former has been beaten by others in the class that were regarded as entirely out "of it," and the latter has not been sailed against the others enough to place her, though she has beaten *Oweene*, and, in turn, been beaten by her. The following table will furnish a comparison of the yachts' dimensions; and, as for their relative ability—well, it is too much for any one to answer:

Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Length over all. Feet.	Water line length. Ft. In.	Extreme Beam. Ft. In.	Depth of hold. Ft. In.	Draught. Ft. In.	Type.
Ilderim*	W. H. Vanderbilt	Burgess	57	45 10	13 5	10 0	10 4	Keel.
Mineola	August Belmont	Burgess	57	45 10	14 0	10 0	10 5	Keel.
Sayonara	Bayard Thayer	Burgess	60	45 9	12 6	....	10 6	Keel.
Beatrix	Prince and Bryant	Burgess	61	45 9	16 1	....	7 6	Centre-board.
Oweene	A. B. Turner	Burgess	60	45 10	13 5	....	11 0	Keel.
Nautilus	J. R. Maxwell	Winteringham	62	45 9	13 6	9 0	10 3	Keel.
Alborak	C. J. Paine	Paine	61	45 9	13 9	....	10 3	Keel.
Barbara	C. H. W. Foster	Fife	63	45 9	13 0	10 0	11 8	Keel.
Jessica	W. O'B. Macdonough	Fife	61	46 5½	10 1½	....	10 5	Keel.
Uvira	F. P. Sands	Fife	59	42 6	11 3	8 0	8 10½	Keel.
Gloriana	E. D. Morgan	Herreshoff	70	45 3	13 0	8 6	10 2	Keel.

* Has not been raced.

C. W. W.

AMATEVR·SPORT

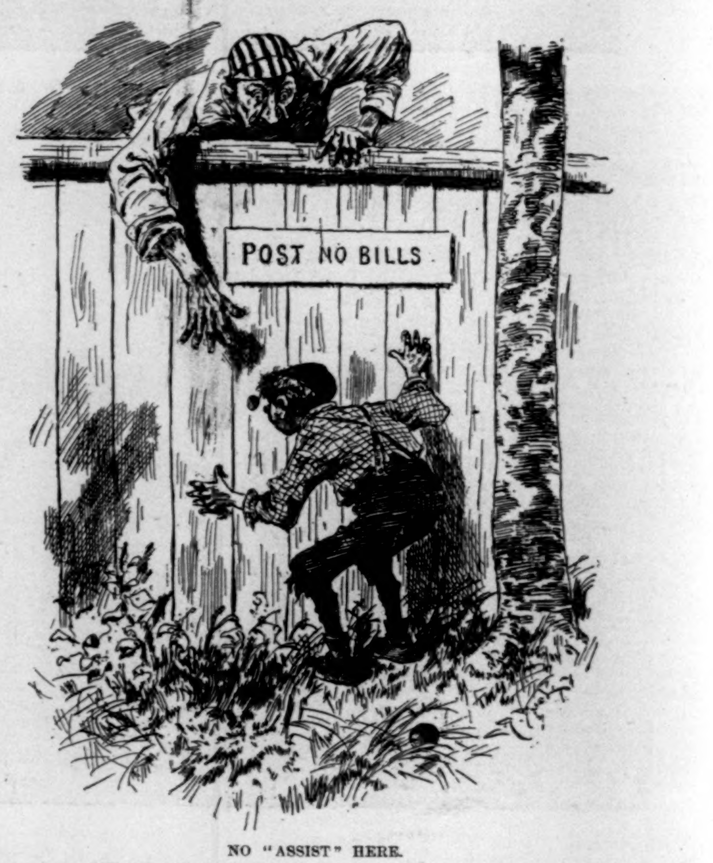
THE LAST FEW DAYS of the New York Yacht Club cruise, which disbanded at Newport Friday morning, added one more victory to *Gloriana's* list—making it now seven straight—showed the *Beatrix* to be a formidable rival for second honors, and brought out the best performances of *Sayonara's* career. The Martha's Vineyard Association Cup was not sailed for, but there was racing in plenty while the fleet was anchored off Cottage City. As the *Beatrix* was not eligible to the club's race for the 46-footers, the owners of *Sayonara*, *Mineola*, *Beatrix*, and *Oweene* got up a sweepstakes for the day in addition to the regular event. *Gloriana* had been left at Newport, Mr. Morgan not knowing the *Beatrix* would sail with the fleet to Martha's Vineyard. The chief charm of *Beatrix* proved to be her windward work, which appeared as good as *Gloriana's*, but was probably not. It is extremely hazardous—if, indeed, not impossible—to judge a yacht's speed by comparison. At least such is the case this season. There has not been a race in which the 46-footers, *Gloriana* excepted, have finished in the order one might expect from previous performance. The season has been one never-ending consolation race. The yacht which was beaten out of sight one day turned up the next in winning form. It has been comforting to yacht-owners, but disastrous to the prophets.

THE WORK OF *Beatrix* in this special race on the 10th was a surprise to the other yachts from beginning to end. It was more or less expected of her to do well to windward, but after rounding the first mark 8 minutes to the good, she continued to gain at a rapid rate in running before the wind, and finally crossed the line 9 minutes before *Sayonara*, 10 before *Mineola*, and 11 before *Oweene*. *Beatrix* was worked for every bit she was worth, having the *Volunteer's* able sailors aboard, and local pilots who knew the waters thoroughly and took considerable advantage from the tide. *Sayonara* did some very good work, and *Oweene* was unable to hold her at all; in fact, Mr. Turner's boat seems to have gone "stale," if I may employ an expression so unnautical, since her very excellent run from New London. *Mineola* did well enough in this race to show that she is an improving boat, and may yet succeed in capturing second honors in the class. Among the schooners *Marguerite* and *Iroquois* fought it out, and the former succeeded in getting revenge for her defeat in the Goelet Cup races, but lost in the class to *Quickstep*. *Volunteer* was not out, much to the regret of all, and the *Mayflower* won from *Merlin* by 2 minutes and 17 seconds.

WHEN THE FLEET STARTED BACK for Newport Wednesday its number had decreased by half. Of the sixty-five yachts that went over, only about thirty represented the N. Y. Y. C. on the return sail. In the mean time both the *Mineola* and *Sayonara* had run on the rocks, but fortunately neither one was damaged to any appreciable extent, a fact thoroughly demonstrated by their very excellent work on the run from New Bedford. *Sayonara* got across the line 2 minutes after *Mineola*, which crossed first, but succeeded in working to the front shortly. The *Oweene* was holding second, when a part of her rigging broke, and *Mineola*, which had been running her close, took the place. After repairs, *Oweene* again went into the race, and so successfully that she regained second, finishing 11 minutes behind *Sayonara*, the winner. The *Constellation* made her appearance, and simply flew along, beating the *Fortuna* about 12 minutes, which, by-the-way, also was beaten a minute by the *Merlin*.

THE SPECIAL 46-FOOTER RACE on Thursday off Newport was the best of the cruise, because it was more of a contest and less of a walk-over for *Gloriana*. She won from *Sayonara* by the close margin of 28 seconds, and Boston yachtsmen have ever since been figuring out what Mr. Morgan's flyer would do with *Beatrix*. The probabilities are she would do with the centre-boarder as she has done with every other one of the class, *i. e.*, beat her more or less, according to the condition of wind and tide. No yachtsman should on account of Thursday's race delude himself into thinking that the *Beatrix* or any other of the existing forty-sixes is a faster boat than *Gloriana*. *Sayonara* was so close a second not from any superior qualifications, but simply because her skipper was wise enough to take advantage of the strong tide running, and fortunate enough to catch some slants of wind that expended their force on the canvas of his boat. To use this performance as reason for an assertion that the *Gloriana* has not clearly demonstrated herself to be the fastest 46-footer to-day sailing is to put forth an argument which has not even the strength of being sophistical.

IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER, against tides, winds, and the cleverest helmsmen in America, the *Gloriana* has administered a crushing defeat to every boat in the class save *Beatrix*. The centre-board has been seen less than any one of the 46-footers, but if comparisons are wanted, she has sailed several very close races with *Oweene*, in which she has been victorious and vanquished by small margins about an equal number of times. In fact, these boats were considered so near equal in Eastern waters that even Boston was unable to name the better. We all know how *Oweene* has come out in her tilts with *Gloriana*. Comparisons, generally unsatisfactory, are in this case supremely so; for the performance of every one of *Gloriana's* rivals has been so erratic that to draw "lines" on future work is the merest guesswork. Every yacht which was nearest to *Gloriana* has in turn been defeated by the tail-ender. The first boat in the class we know; but which is entitled to second place, whether *Beatrix*, *Mineola*, *Sayonara*, *Oweene*, or *Barbara*, is not possible to say at this writing. Any one of these *might* some fluky day cross the line ahead of *Gloriana*, but what would that amount to? In a series of races that would include all kinds of weather, and working the wind at every point, the yacht is not yet afloat which can outsail *Gloriana*.



NO "ASSIST" HERE.

CENTER-FIELDER. "Hi, there, Kid! hand up that Ball, quick."
THE KID. "Yis. Jes wait a sec' till I see Tim Smithers safe over der Home-plate, den I will."

"Mineola" and "Jessica" have not yet, at this writing, sailed their match race, but the former had the satisfaction of beating her rival about a minute, corrected time, in the Thursday race. There is so much going on this week at Newport with the Corinthian 46-footer race as we are on the press (Monday), and the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club events following, that it is doubtful if the event comes off before the yachts return to New York, though it may be included as a side issue in one of the club races.

The filing of protests and the resultant correspondence anent the fouling of the *Volunteer* and *Gracie* in the Goelet Cup race off Newport, has developed what was not known on the day of the event, *i.e.*, that the *Gracie*, when "she found she could not weather the mark," called on the *Volunteer* to go about, as it was necessary for her to tack. If Mr. Earle did this, and such seems to be the case, for he has said nothing to the contrary, the decision of the N. Y. Y. C. Regatta Committee in sustaining the protest of the *Volunteer* is decidedly correct, and Mr. Earle's sailing-master was an extremely foolish man. The position of the Harper's Weekly launch at the time of the collision was not a hundred yards from the stake-boat, fully two hundred yards nearer than the *Electra* or any other boat, and directly in line with the *Volunteer* and *Gracie*. There was no necessity for tacking. If both had luffed a little at the same time and at the first instance all would have gone well, but the *Gracie* luffed, and the *Volunteer* refused to do so until the last moment, and then she was so near the *Gracie* that nothing could prevent the tide setting her down on the sloop. Section 14 of Rule 17, N.Y.Y.C. racing rules, would have covered the accident thoroughly and sustained the *Gracie*, but Mr. Earle settled his own case when he foolishly called on the *Volunteer* to tack. From my position it looked as though the *Gracie* had room to round the mark, and her manœuvre was not a tack but a "pilot's luff."

Now that the cruise is at an end, it will be interesting to see what the yachts have done. In another column of this issue will be found a record of the 46-footers, so that I shall confine myself here to the schooners. Four of them, in their several classes, are credited with four "firsts"—*Constellation, Hildegarde, Quickstep,* and *Mayflower*. *Volunteer* has the $1000 Goelet Cup, and was second in the run from New London to Newport; *Marguerite* has two firsts and one undecided; *Merlin* two firsts; *Iroquois* one first. I must return to the sloops again to mention *Gossoon*, and comment on how very well she did. Her performances against the new racing-class members will bear out what I have said in another column of this issue in comparing the 40-footers with the new 46's. Of course the new boats are faster than the relegated class of racers, but the question arises are they so in proportion to the extra time, length, sail area, and money invested. As a class, no; but as to *Gloriana*, yes. If we are to have racing-machines, Mr. Herreshoff has hit upon an ideal which, if copied next year, as it undoubtedly will be, should be the pioneer in a class of wonderfully fast boats.

Bar Harbor never witnessed a greater gathering of expert players than last week, the Mossley Hall Cup being the bone of contention. R. L. Beeckman and J. S. Clark had each won it twice, and both were on hand last week to attempt to wrest it once again from V. G. Hall, who won it for the first time last year. Both were doomed to disappointment, however. Beeckman, handicapped by lack of practice and an overabundance of polo, was easily beaten by F. H. Hovey. Clark showed something like his old form, and made a desperate struggle, but finally yielded to E. L. Hall in a very close match. In the final round E. L. Hall and Hovey met for the third time this season, and for a third time five long sets had to be played before the issue was decided. As on the previous occasions, Hovey won the first two sets by wonderfully brilliant play, but immediately thereafter came that mysterious weakening, and young Hall captured the next three by remarkably nervy and brilliant work, the total score being 3–6, 1–6, 7–5, 7–5, 8–6. Each one was a bitter struggle, however, and I have never felt more sympathy for a loser, for Hovey certainly played with unusual pluck and with an evident determination to overcome his fatal weakness. The record of the three matches played between these two men at Saratoga, Longwood, and Bar Harbor shows that Hall has won eight sets to his adversary's seven, while the latter leads both in number of games and points.

The championship match for the cup brought together the Hall brothers also for a third time this season, each brother having previously won once. When brothers play against each other the moral handicap in favor of the older is about half-fifteen, and inasmuch as the younger won last week's match very handily—3–6, 6–2, 3–6, 6–4, 6–3—it seems that he has fairly earned the right to be considered the better of the two. The result of this contest sets up a new Mossley Hall champion, and the final winning of the cup seems as far off as ever.

The lawn-tennis at Narragansett last week was a pleasant surprise. The best known of the players entered for the singles was S. T. Chase, and as no one of the others was deemed able to capture even a set from him, an unexciting tournament was anticipated. But thanks to the unexpectedly clever play of L. A. Parker, of Yale University, and Richard Stevens, of New York, the struggle was one of the prettiest ever seen at the Pier. Parker and Chase met in the semifinals, the latter having previously disposed of B. Spalding De Garmendia, while the former had won only from adversaries of moderate strength. Parker is one of the brothers of that name who have been prominent in the intercollegiate tournaments for the past few years, but particularly in doubles, neither brother having made much of a mark in singles. Last week, however, L. A. Parker, who, I believe, is the younger brother, did some remarkably good volleying in the match with Chase, and succeeded in winning it in straight sets.

The Western champion appeared surprised and somewhat disconcerted at the strength shown by his adversary, and probably did not do himself full justice. It is dollars to cents, too, that he has had too much playing of late, and has reached the point where he is growing stale, and progressing backward rather than forward. This is by no means a new complaint among lawn-tennis experts. Huntington had the same experience last year, but came again just in time to do well at Newport. Chase's attack comes too late, however, and the result at Narragansett will likely remove him from the list of possibilities at Newport. At the same time Parker is brought forward as one of those who cannot themselves win, but who frequently destroy the chances of some promising candidate.

The best match of the week, and a fitting climax, was that between Parker and Richard Stevens in the final round. The former was the favorite, and a rather easy winner of the first two sets. But just then Stevens began his fine work, and gave an exhibition of pluck, endurance, and improving play exactly similar to that shown by him at Seabright three weeks ago, when he won from A. W. Post in the finals, after the latter had easily captured the first two sets. On that occasion Post could win only four games in the last three sets, and Parker suffered the same experience last week. The staying powers of the latter are apparently not good, and he will undoubtedly find it difficult to win one of the long matches at Newport, while Stevens, on the other hand, never knows when he is beaten, and will fight it out to the last stroke.

The doubles at Narragansett were also rather interesting to the spectators, chiefly because Campbell, who must next week succeed in defending his title or else be relegated to the ranks of ex-champions, was one of the competitors. This time he had S. T. Chase for a partner, and the pair, of course, had no difficulty in winning, although Parker and H. M. Billings played very cleverly in the final round. A good word should be spoken for the management of the tournament, which was, as usual, in the hands of Messrs. E. H. Sanford and Lloyd Saltus.

The All-Comers contest was begun yesterday on the courts of the Newport Casino, unless unfavorable weather caused a postponement. It is, of course, difficult to choose the winner from so large and so fair a field of contestants, but I see no reason to change the opinion hitherto expressed in this column; *i.e.*, that Hobart has considerably the best chance. It is claimed that he was out of condition in last year's contest, when defeated by Knapp, and the same causes may operate against him on this occasion. Knapp is again the "dark horse" of the tournament, but I prefer Huntington's chances next to Hobart's.

The spectacle of lawn-tennis becoming a cat's-paw to secure register-filling chestnuts for debilitated hotels is not at all a gratifying one to those having the game's future, or even present, interest at heart. I have been closely watching the growing tendency of hotel proprietors throughout this country of summer resorts to hold tennis tournaments, and hoped, before the mania became general or harmful, the hotel men themselves would appreciate the situation, be thankful for what advertising they had received, and quit. I am moved, however, to publicly comment on what appears certain to become a nuisance, and a baneful one at that, by the combination of the Long Branch hotel proprietors and the consequent formation of the Long Branch Tennis Association. It is not necessary for me to state here in cold type why the proprietors of the hotels at Long Branch intend establishing grounds and giving tournaments, but it does seem to be necessary for me to declare that the time has come for the National Lawn-Tennis Association to take some cognizance of these hotel and dealers' tournaments.

Several years ago, when the game was being introduced in this country, Messrs. Wright & Ditson, of Boston, inaugurated an annual tournament, which they held successfully up to the present year. Although Wright & Ditson are dealers, and of course have enjoyed a considerable amount of advertising from the yearly tournament, it is only fair to say that they were actuated more by a desire to popularize the game than advertise their business. Mr. Ditson, who is identified with the introduction of the game, is a sportsman well and favorably known, and the tournaments of his firm have undeniably done a great deal for tennis in America. But the day for "dealers'" tournaments has gone, and recognizing that fact, the Wright & Ditson annual affair has been discontinued. I have devoted a little space to this firm's tournament, because I believe it worth while to point out the difference in motives, that I may emphasize what I have yet to say on the subject.

As might well be supposed, others, believing they saw a way to genteel and profitable advertising, have set about to hold annual tournaments. Horace Partridge & Co., also of Boston, started one a couple of years ago. Then one hotel and another, until there are now probably half a dozen in the East which have these advertising shows. I say half a dozen—probably there are scores of them; certainly the idea is becoming very popular among hotel proprietors, for I receive notices for publication every few days from all over the country. For instance, one came a few days ago from a hotel at a Western resort which takes pains to state the value of each prize and the grand aggregate, and follows by glowing descriptions of the hotel, its beautiful surroundings, fine cuisine, reasonable rates, etc., and explicit directions how to reach it.

Now it is very clear, returning home to the Long Branch Association, that neither proprietor Hildreth of the West End Hotel nor Meares of the Scarborough Hotel is actuated by an interest in the welfare of tennis, any more than is the hotel proprietor who adds a bowling-alley to his establishment, or puts a pool table in his billiard-room. They are after the almighty dollar, of course, and certainly no one begrudges their heaven-born right to seek the elusive eagle, or denies they evince commendable activity in its pursuit. To provide implements of pleasure in proportion to the nominal sum his guest contributes daily or weekly to the family educational fund is the desire of every progressive summer hotel autocrat. But to hold tournaments for amateurs, and expend his hard-earned money in shaving-mugs and toilet sets, is not his business, nor is it the proper kind of "business" for the young men in this country. It is time to call a halt on this sort of thing. Tennis has gotten along so far without acquiring any of the unpleasant features we are so sorry now and again to record in other games. If now the players of the country cannot or will not appreciate the situation, and refrain from encouraging with their entry such tournaments, then it is high time for the National Association to pass a law making necessary the recording of all tournaments, and disqualifying those who insist on aiding grasping hotel proprietors to boom their hostelry.

Fiske Warren, of Boston, again succeeded last week at Newport in defending the court-tennis championship. H. B. Metcalf, also of Boston, was the challenger, but did not prove a very formidable one, Mr. Warren defeating him rather easily. I am in hopes that by another year New York as well as Philadelphia will have a representative at Newport to contest the result with Mr. Warren. The new Racquet Club building here and the starting of a club in Philadelphia should bear some fruit. A championship of the United States with only two entries is a sorry record for contemplation. However, we are coming on, and it will not be many years now before we count many more players at this old game of court-tennis, as well as the more vigorous one of racquets.

Already there drifts into conversation among college athletes a deal of foot-ball talk. It is generally understood that it will not be many days after September comes in before the college teams will be at work. Naturally the greatest interest attaches to the prospects of the three leading teams—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—although such outside teams as the Crescents and Orange command a fair share of the speculation. In such a sport as foot-ball so much depends upon the captain that the favorite discussions at this stage are as to the relative executive and foot-ball ability of those filling that office.

Trafford, who has the honor of being captain of that team which, while not a member of the association, defeated the champions last year, is an untried quantity. He takes into his hands a legacy from Captain Cumnock that carries with it plenty of hard work, for Harvard has learned how hard it is to reach the top in foot-ball, and will expect Trafford to hold the place to gain which cost so much. Trafford the elder did much for Harvard, and Trafford the younger started out with better chances than his older brother. His quality as a player is well known. He sprang into that most difficult position to maintain—Freshman prominence; but his second year proved him thoroughly worthy of all that was bestowed upon him, and now he has attained the most coveted captaincy in college circles.

He has served under one of the most energetic workers Harvard ever saw—Captain Cumnock—and he will reap the benefits of that work in the shape of a willing and fairly well-disciplined mass of material from which to fill any vacancies in his ranks. There seems to be some doubt as to whether Cumnock will come back to give advice and coaching. In fact, there is talk about the advisability of such a move, for Harvard teams, nines, and crews have for years been proverbially ugly in the matter of accepting graduate advice, however offered. Cumnock himself was by no means an exception when he thought he was being in any way interfered with; and although Trafford is not accredited with quite so much independence as his predecessor, he is pretty sure to insist upon running his own team.

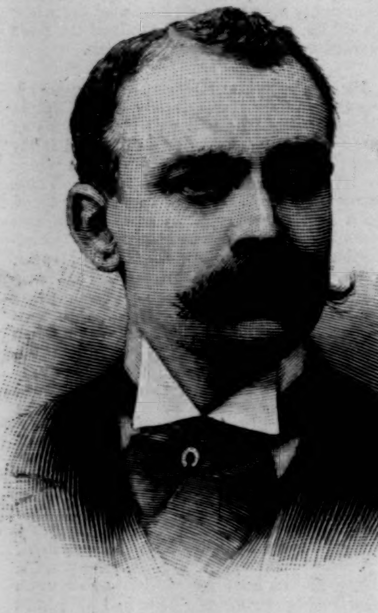
McClung, who must lead the Yale team to victory or defeat, is an old school-fellow of Trafford's. In fact, the careers of the two men have been markedly similar. Both have made records not only upon the foot-ball field, but have occupied similar positions upon the diamond, each having played first base upon their respective nines. This fall they will meet as captains of the rival foot-ball teams. McClung, though of one year's more experience as a player, has had no greater opportunity to show his ability as a captain than Trafford. He is an extremely popular man, and will have the hearts of his men with him thoroughly. The material which Rhodes has left him, while not so strong collectively as that at Harvard, will be more easy to handle, owing to ten years of traditional obedience to captains, which has been an integral part of the Yale system. There is a vein of good nature in McClung's disposition that may militate against the relentless drive so necessary to get the best work out of a foot-ball team—the drive that Rhodes possessed to a remarkable degree, and which came to the front so strongly in the last part of the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield last season. But those who know McClung best, say there is plenty of the unpitying master about him when he demands work.

Warren, of Princeton, has, owing to an injured knee which kept him out of play for some time, had less field experience than either Trafford or McClung. He comes also from a different position in the ranks, for although understanding half-back play, he is a forward, and it is likely that his team will show some marks of such training. In fact, I consider this a fortunate thing for Princeton, because it is the forward line with them that has most need of repairs and general overhauling. Warren is a quiet steady worker, and although he may not study detail of development as closely as did Poe, his predecessor, the movement of his forward line will be more looked after and driven with a harder whip. The material he must handle will be raw, except behind the line, for it was a desperate struggle that Princeton was forced to make last year, and there was no time to make new men. Accident and hard luck depleted the ranks faster than they could be filled.

A new lawn game called tema has, I notice, been heralded in some of the English papers, and is described about as follows: A screen of wood or canvas fixed on a light frame, and having in the centre a circular aperture eighteen inches in diameter, is erected. Behind the hole is fixed a bag net, and the main object of the players, who stand some distance away, is to throw a number of colored balls by means of the wand into this bag. The wand has at one end a peculiarly shaped crook for holding the ball, but some little skill is necessary to retain the ball in it for the purpose of making the throw. The number of "pot balls" to be scored by each side before it can complete the first stage of the game corresponds with the number of players on each side. When either side has scored the number of "pot balls" agreed upon, it enters upon the second stage, and it at once obtains a single "zoned ball." Whichever side then first succeeds in scoring its "zoned ball" wins the game. As a matter of fact, there is nothing new about this game at all, except the name and a few changes. Indeed, it is extremely old, being nothing more nor less than a modified Japanese polo without the horses. There is nothing new under the sun—that's old, but trustworthy.

A novel form of amusement has been inaugurated about Wissahickon Inn, Philadelphia, and it occurred to me when I witnessed it a similar exhibition might well replace the miserable hunting that has been seen heretofore at Newport. The Master of the Pembrook Hunt takes his hounds on prearranged dates to a certain rendezvous—the lawn of some member's home. Hurdles have here been erected at different distances on the field, and the scent laid over a course in view from start to finish of the spectators; then the hounds are loosed, and 'way they go to a regular innocuous desuetude sort of a hunt.

Caspar W. Whitney.



RICARDO L. TRUMBULL, THE AGENT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL PARTY OF CHILI WHO LOADED THE "ITATA" WITH ARMS.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

JULIO ZEGERS, LEADER OF THE CONGRESSIONAL PARTY.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE day had been decidedly unpleasant, but toward evening the gray clouds were hurried away to give the sun a little chance. So welcome were its rays that the streets were soon filled with a slowly moving crowd, which smoked its postprandial cigars and chattered with hearts as light as the western sky, which now began to lose a little of its glory and fade into the gray of twilight. The Poet and the Realist left their club and walked slowly down the avenue, turning westward on Fourteenth Street. By that time the street lamps were lit, and the shadows had robbed the great buildings of form.

"Hollo!" said the Poet, suddenly stopping before a low brick building, above which read the sign, "Salvation Army," "I never saw this place before."

The other smiled. "That shows," he answered, "that you do not know the world you live in—just what I've been telling you all the while. This place has been here several years; it is, in fact, one of the recognized institutions."

"Let us go in," the Poet suggested on the spur of the moment; "I have never seen one of their meetings."

They passed through the outer vestibule door, receiving a smile from the red-shirted soldier on guard, and entered into the low room. A platform faced the door and ran nearly the length of the long building, and on the stage and floor were ranged a number of seats. There were only one or two persons in the room at the time, and the pair took modest places in the rear. Above the staging read, in large letters, "Full Salvation! Hallelujah!" and about the wall were painted texts and exhortations. The hall seemed to lack an air of repose, it was so glaringly plain, and the Poet felt uncomfortable. Then from little square compartments on either side of the stage appeared, now and then, one of the army men or women. Each wore a red jersey, while the women had the addition of a belt, upon which "Redemption" shone forth in large letters; they wore also the plain poke-bonnet. The audience began to come in singly and in pairs. The women went to the front seats, with few exceptions, and settled themselves with a confident air; but the men all chose the chairs in the rear. The latter were often ill at ease, looking nervously around, in strange contrast to a few who seemed to be perfectly at home and gazed at the stage blandly. The audience was plain, almost rough and uncouth, but perfect quiet reigned. The red jerseys grew in number, and at a signal the wearers stepped on to the platform, where the men sat upon one side and the women on the other.

Then from the audience came several women and the few men who were evidently regular attendants to take seats beside the soldiers. They all knelt in silent prayer a moment, and the commanding officer, a woman, then stepped forward and enjoined all to sing a certain hymn. A woman in black appeared with the "Salvation Songs," and here and there sold a copy. The Poet and the Realist each invested in one, and listlessly followed the singing. It was begun with a great amount of fervor, gaining in strength, if not in harmony, as it progressed. The chorus consisted of a refrain, which was repeated over and over again, to which were added the crash of brazen cymbals and jingling tambourines. Two verses were sung, but the chorus continued *ad libitum* until the singers grew tired, and when the sound of the voices had died away there remained in the air for several seconds the metallic echo of the cymbals. The leader then called upon a man to pray, and bending forward, he began an invocation, the greater part of which was lost, owing to the fervent interruptions of the others, who cried "Amen" and "Glory to God" with unfailing voice. The prayer was short and rambling, and at the end the Poet turned to his friend with a questioning look. The Realist, however, saw him not; he was looking straight ahead, and on his face was written an appreciation of the gravity of this moment, which, when the Poet saw, he seemed for the first time to realize what it all meant, and the whisper that was to call his friend's attention to the fact that the man had prayed for "the homeless people without homes," died on his lips.

Then the leader announced a hymn from the *War Cry*, the official organ of the Army, and again the woman in black came forward and disposed of a few. But the many were content to look on in open-mouthed wonder. As the leader read the verses off, a woman soldier had come down and approached a young girl who sat alone. Together they returned to the platform, and the girl was given a tambourine to rattle. The second hymn has a refrain of the rollicking lively kind, and the rest of the hymn was disregarded after the first verse, and all attention given to the repeating of the chorus. The tambourines and cymbals played their part, while the feet of the audience and the hands of those on the platform beat quick time. There was a moment's rest after this, and then one of the men rose to give his "experiences." What he said was of little moment, except that he was sure of "salvation." He lacked earnestness but not breath, and only when the tambourine of the leader rattled warningly did he sit down. The last refrain was at once taken up again, and the Poet rose.

"Come," he said, and, together with the Realist, walked softly out.

"Well?" spoke the Realist, as they reached the street and mingled with the passers-by.

"No," answered the Poet, vehemently, as though his friend had asked him a lengthy question; "I will not go again. I do not believe in it. It does not appeal to me."

"But the movement is a worthy one," replied the Realist, softly. "I often go to the meetings."

The Poet shook his head. "It has no apostolic sanction, no well-defined creed, no sacraments that are essential to its well-being."

"For these very reasons, perhaps, shorn of all differences, it appeals to the uneducated classes who are called upon to repent, and are promised thereby full salvation," answered the Realist. "The laborers obey literally the mandate to go forth into the highways and byways, and invite all to be saved. Though the laborers are for the most part uneducated people, yet they are carried away by their feelings."

"The religious fervor exhibited by them," said the Poet, slowly, stopping to light a cigar, "is emotional in its order, but not deep. It seems to smack as much of true religion and to do as much good as the reading of a trashy love story may do toward furthering the course of true love. It does not seem to bring vital truths of Christianity to the 'redeemed.' The depth of religion is noticeably absent. And does not seed sown thus on shallow ground spring up too quickly, as quickly to fade and die from lack of root? And then the means whereby the end is accomplished—hymn tunes of the popular opera-bouffe order, hymns that are simple doggerel, with a refrain sometimes metrical, but always commonplace."

"There are earnest men and women engaged in the work," said the Realist, "and one of them is Mrs. Ballington Booth, a daughter-in-law of General Booth."

"Yes," assented the Poet, doubtfully.

"I saw a marriage recently at which she officiated," continued the other, "for, according to the laws of New York State, Mrs. Booth, as head of a religious organization, is legally entitled to perform the ceremony. She is a devout woman, and has undoubtedly done much good; but as regards the marriage, 'a grand hallelujah wedding' was what the cards of invitation announced, and the happy pair were Adjutant Wallace W. Winchell and Captain Ida May Harris, both of whom have been connected with the army for several years. After short preliminary exercises, including prayers and singing, Mrs. Booth spoke in regard to the ritual of the Salvation Army. The first vow which the bridal couple take is loyalty and love to God: the second is fidelity to the army; and thirdly is the exchange of vows between the bride and groom, in which each promises to keep alive in each other the work that they have set out to do. The rest of the service, as performed, is very similar to that of the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in this country. Quite a crowd was present, and the 'soldiers' seemed all duly impressed with the ceremony. After the rites were performed there was a general chorus of 'hallelujahs,' and a collection was taken up to defray the travelling expenses of the newly married ones, who started that night for a post in the West. But that is not all," added the Realist, taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket; "here is one of the declarations made by the subscribing parties, and although you doubt the benefits derived from the work, there is a depth in this first promise that you must admit seems disinterested."

The Poet took the slip and read:

> "We do solemnly declare that we have not sought this marriage for the sake of our own happiness and interests only, although we hope these will be furthered thereby, but because we believe that the union will enable us better to please and serve God, and more earnestly to fight and work in the Salvation Army."

WALDO SILVA, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE, AND PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE JUNTA.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

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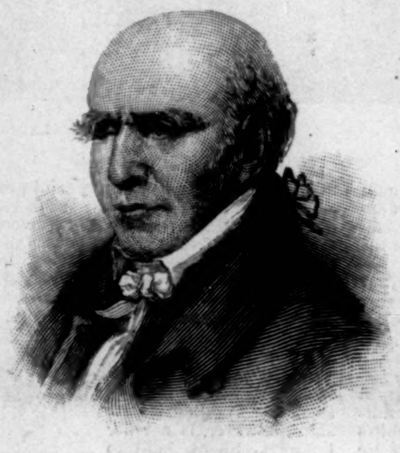
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE DELAWARE.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.—DRAWINGS BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

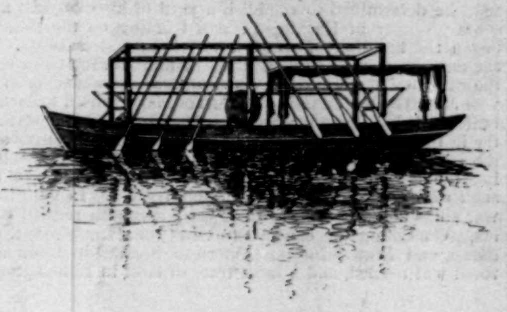
IN the early days of the American colonies the question of communication with the Old World was more a part of the daily life of each individual colonist than we see fit to make it in this bustling age. The ocean cable and five-day transatlantic liners have reduced this intercourse to so much of a commonplace, that news from foreign lands creates no more stir in our daily routine than if it came to us from some close-by inland town. In fact, we are better informed of what transpires in London, Paris, or Berlin than of what takes place in Yonkers, and vastly more interested, so that this annihilation of time and space carries with it an indifference, or at least a dulled lack of interest, in the coming and going of the great ships. But far back in colonial times the sailing or arrival of a ship brought the best part of the population of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia to the wharves to hail her safe home-coming, or wish her "godspeed" outward-bound. The masters, as they were then called, of merchant-men were persons of importance. They were the individual link that connected the colonists and their kith and kin across the sea; they were the postmasters of the ocean-bound ships, and carried the mail as regularly as it is now carried by the post-office departments of our own and foreign governments. It must not be forgotten, too, that when our Pilgrim fathers landed they found a howling wilderness and a savage people, so they were compelled to fall back upon their mother country for their supplies, and ships were easily contemporaneous in interest to them with the development of the new home they had sought their fortunes in. The ship-building district of the Atlantic seaboard extends now, as in those days, practically from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to that of Chesapeake Bay. The great forests of Maine furnished all of what we now call New England with timbers for her ships, that carried the fame of her ship-yards to all parts of the world. New York early took an interest in ship-building, and many great ship-yards flourished there and in Brooklyn; but all have died out within the past few years, and now there are only a few tugs built, and occasionally a river steamboat or two. One reason assigned for the decay of the ship-building interests of New York, and that upon so good an authority as Mr. Poillon, was the excessive severity of the trades-unions; but this accounts only in part for it. A greater factor was, no doubt, the superior facilities of the Delaware River, the cheapness of yard facilities there, and the great coal and iron fields of the Keystone State. The history of ship-building upon the Delaware River—or the Poutafat, as the Indians called it—dates back almost to the discovery of the river and the Dutch, Swedish, and Quaker settlers. The Dutch called it the South River, to distinguish it from the Hudson, and probably came to the river about 1609, settling at about where Gloucester, New Jersey, now stands, and where, it is believed, they built their "Fort Nassau." The Dutch were pre-eminently not only traders, but daring mariners as well, and there can be no doubt that there were many shipwrights among these early settlers from the Scheldt. They did not, however, remain later than 1633, when they were attacked by the Virginia settlers, who claimed the right to the river under the grant to the Earl de la Warr.


STEPHEN GIRARD.—FROM AN OLD PRINT, BY COURTESY OF MR. H. L. CARSON.

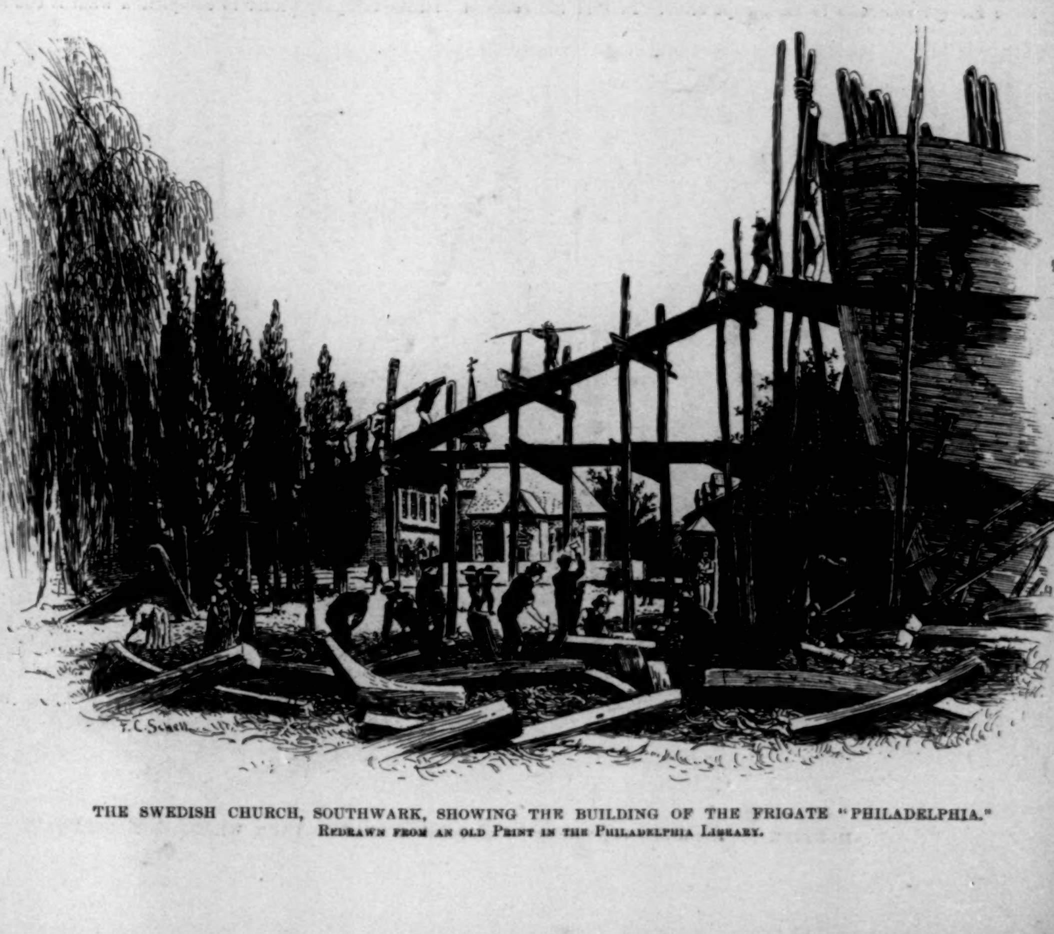
From that time until 1638, when the Swedes entered the river, the savages held undisputed possession of the country. There has never been a time in history when the Swedes have not been thoroughly skilled in all points of naval architecture. These Norsemen, descendants of the vikings of old, emigrants and countrymen of the gallant Gustavus Adolphus, brought with them all the seafaring instincts of their hardy race. Ship and boat building began almost at once, and Penn in 1683, in one of his letters, writes, "Some vessels have been built here, and many boats." We all know that the Quaker has a great eye for the main chance; it is not at all surprising, then, that the Quaker colonists Penn brought over in 1682 should early turn their attention to ship-building. Gradually, too, as immigration increased, ship-carpenters, ship-joiners, rope-makers, calkers, block-makers, carvers, and turners came over in numbers, and the ship-building colony at Philadelphia grew apace. They all, too, seemed to drift towards the borough of Kensington, where the great ship-yards have ever since remained, although William West, probably the first builder of any importance on the Delaware, established his yard at about the present Vine Street wharf, it is said, in 1683. Jonathan Dickinson, writing in July of 1718, said "Here is great employ for ship-work for England. It increases and will increase; and our expectations from the iron-works, forty miles up the Schuylkill, are very great." At the time of the Revolution, Philadelphia had become among the first cities in naval architecture, her vessels being no less noted for the beauty of their lines and fine sailing qualities than for their stanchness and honest construction. A species of ship built in Philadelphia in early times, but scarcely belonging to naval architecture, were huge raft ships, similar to those constructed in Canada at a later period. These colossal structures were built for the purpose of carrying, in a cheap and expeditious manner, a great quantity of ship-building timber—of course the purpose being to break the ship up on arrival at her destination. The success of the Quaker City in this ship-building industry was due largely to the genius and skill of several of her citizens. Among these was Joshua Humphreys, Sen., who, at the close of the Revolutionary war, was offered a large sum by the British government to take up his residence there and design vessels for his Majesty's navy; he enjoys also the distinction of having been the first naval constructor for the United States navy. During the supremacy of the sailing-ship one of her principal embellishments was always her figure-head; and it was through William Rush, the son of a ship-carpenter, born in Philadelphia July 4, 1756, that Philadelphia-built ships gained much of their fame in foreign ports. He was without an equal as a ship carver and sculptor. "Walking attitudes" were then unknown for figure-heads, but all rested astride the cut-water. He originated the upright figure; and when the ship *William Penn* visited London, her figure-head, the "Indian Trader," dressed in Indian costume, excited the genuine wonder of the London carvers, who came out in boats to sketch it, and also took casts of the head in plaster. His figures of "Tragedy" and "Comedy" were owned by Edwin Forrest.

Thomas Godfrey, either the inventor or improver of the reflecting quadrant, was also a native Pennsylvanian. Fitch sent the first steamboat up the Delaware, as far as Burlington, New Jersey; and Oliver Evans, another of Philadelphia's master-mechanics, as early as 1773, invented the high-pressure steam-engine, to this day in almost exclusive use upon our Western river boats. Benjamin Franklin, scientist, statesman, diplomat, and patriot, also took a great interest in ship-building, making many suggestions as to the improvement in speed lines and models, among other things being the first to call the attention of naval architects to the despised Chinaman's plan of building the bottoms of their "junks" in hollow sections. By this advice Dr. Franklin practically brought into existence the *water-tight compartment* of to-day, without which no first-class ship is now constructed. Naturally most of the vessels built on the Delaware in those early days were of very small tonnage. We read of the sloop *Adventurer*, of sixteen tons, owned by John and Rich Townsend, "licensed" in 1705 to trade between Cape May and Philadelphia. This is a laughable commentary upon the wide difference between this "dug-out" and the majestic steamer *Republic*, which makes daily excursion trips to the cape, frequently carrying a thousand people on one trip. At first the foreign commerce of the colonists was mainly directed to the West Indies. Ships sailed from the colonial ports carrying timber, hogs-heads in staves, and other commodities, and returned laden with rum, molasses, tobacco, and sugar. When the trade began with England, London and Bristol were the favorite ports. Liverpool in those days cut no figure as a great seaport with the colonies. Frequently, too, as the fame of the American-built ships grew in strength, the ships themselves were sold with their cargoes, always at a very handsome profit to the builders on the Delaware. With the breaking out of the war, ship-building upon the Delaware received a serious check, although the Congress, under the Prize Law Act of December, 1775, ordered the keels of four out of the thirteen frigates thus authorized to be laid at Philadelphia.

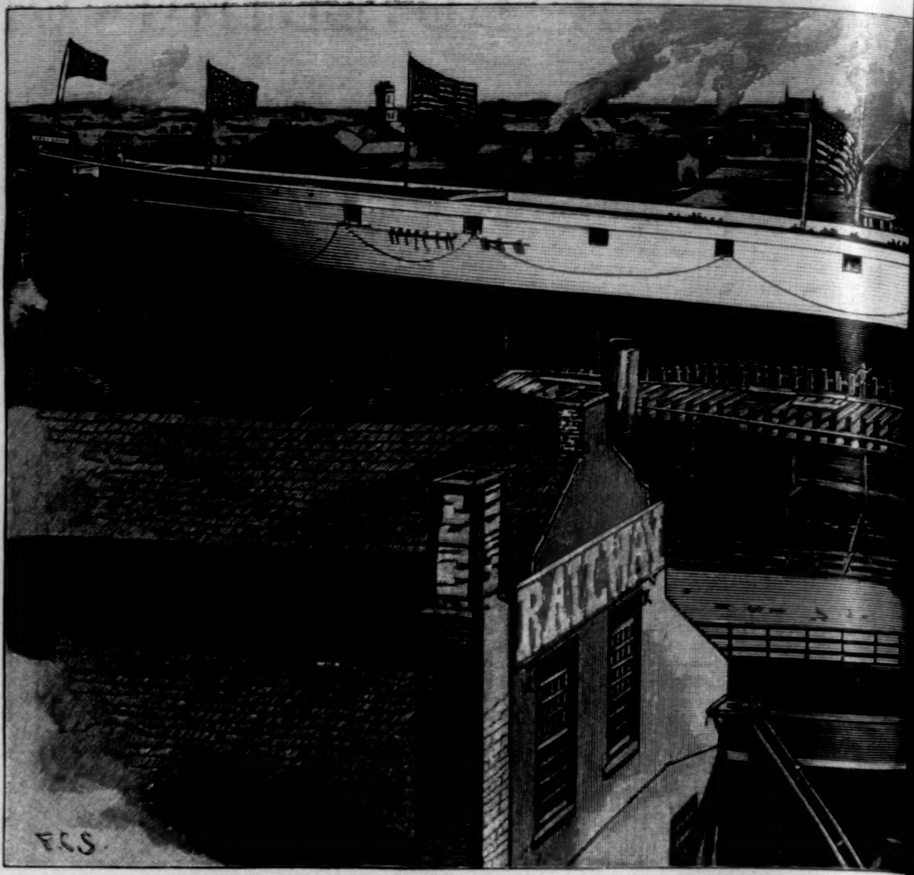
One of the curious names given to vessels in the middle of the eighteenth century on the Delaware was that of "snows." A "snow" was a vessel of three masts; the foremast and mainmast were similar in "rig" to those of a ship, while the mizzenmast was a single stick rigged with a try-sail. A "snow," with some slight variations, resembled somewhat the modern bark—a style of vessel not now so much in vogue except in very old hulls. Up to 1822 the burden of the Philadelphia-built ship rarely exceeded 500 tons; two notable vessels over this size were the *Rebecca Sims* and *Woodrop Sims;* they registered 566 and 565 tons; they were built in 1800, and were the largest vessels then in the American merchant-marine. The fate of one of them, the *Rebecca Sims*, is very interesting; after many whaling voyages, she ended her career as one of the "stone fleet" which was sunk off Charleston Harbor in 1862. As another strong point of economic value, showing how ships and ship methods have improved, it may be stated that these ships were manned by no less than twenty-five men, whereas we have many a coastwise schooner of to-day carrying 1400 tons of coal with a complement of nine or ten all told. Wages for the ship-carpenter were excellent; as early as 1689 a good mechanic earned as much as five or six shillings a day, which, considering the difference in surroundings and diminished purchasing capacity of money, is fully on a level with what the same workman receives to-day. In 1793 there were 8145 tons of shipping built in Philadelphia, double the amount built at any other port in the United States. In those days, too, the commerce of Philadelphia exceeded by $1,750,000 all New England; and outstripped New York by nearly three millions, and while the city of Penn has sadly retrograded since the war of the rebellion in her foreign commerce, she and her sister cities of Wilmington and Chester have practically monopolized the building of heavy ships, particularly since the decline of wooden vessels and the supremacy of iron and steel hulls.


JOHN FITCH'S STEAMBOAT.

Two men who exercised a mighty influence upon the foreign carrying trade of Philadelphia and ship-building interests along the Delaware were Stephen Girard and Thomas P. Cope. The former, a Frenchman by birth, the greatest merchant and philanthropist of his time, in dying left behind him an imperishable monument in the well-known college bearing his name; the second, the contemporary and often the rival of Girard, did much to encourage and promote ship-building in Kensington. His firm established in 1821 the first line of regular packets to Liverpool sailing from the Delaware; the first ship employed being the *Lancaster*, 290 tons, commanded by Captain Dixey. The *Lancaster* was followed by the *Wyoming, Susquehanna, Tuscarora, Monongahela, Saranac, Thos. P. Cope*, etc. To give an idea how stanch the old-time ships were, the *Tuscarora* went ashore on Fenwick Island, twenty miles below Cape Henlopen, and there she lay, a thousand tons of iron in her hold, all her ports thrown open, and the wild winter storms breaking over her, and remained there for seven months, when she was hauled off and taken to New York, and finally foundered off Lisbon, with a loss of twelve lives, in 1867. Of all this celebrated line of packets alive to-day, the *Saranac* is the



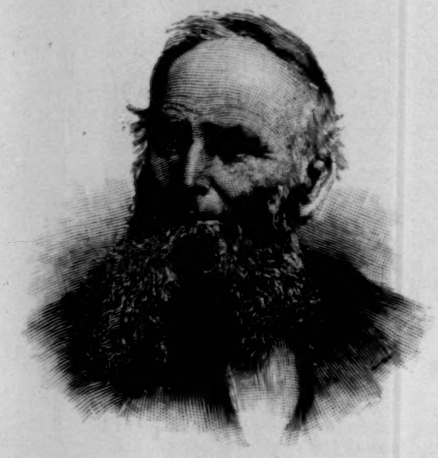
THE SWEDISH CHURCH, SOUTHWARK, SHOWING THE BUILDING OF THE FRIGATE "PHILADELPHIA."
REDRAWN FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.



LAUNCH OF THE "CHATTANOOG

only one, and she sails from the port of New Orleans under the Norwegian flag. Mr. Cope died in 1834, and the firm is still in existence, in their old counting-house at Walnut Street and Delaware Avenue, as Cope Brothers. Of ship-builders about the Revolutionary period, Manuel Eyre, Sen., was the best known; Mr. Eyre had been a colonel in the Continental army, and afterwards a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. At the opening of the nineteenth century Samuel Grice, an Englishman by birth, was the most famous and skilful of Philadelphia's shipwrights. Mr. Grice built the celebrated ship *Fanny* for Captain Charles Macalester, the fastest sailing merchant-man of her day, making her first voyage from Philadelphia to Cowes in seventeen days; this, in fact, is better than yachting-time.

We are particularly interested in Mr. Grice, as his was the master-mind that trained the founder of the largest and most successful of American ship-yards—the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company. William Cramp, the founder of this great plant, was born in the district of Kensington, now the Eighteenth Ward of the city of Philadelphia, in September, 1807. His parents were of English descent, but American born. Mr. Cramp was educated in the public schools of his native city, and in 1823, then in his sixteenth year, he was apprenticed to the Samuel Grice we have mentioned, then the most successful ship-builder of that period, whose yard occupied the site which was later Vearce's Rolling-mill. After he had completed his term of apprenticeship, he worked for several years as a journeyman ship-carpenter. In 1830 he determined to establish a yard of his own, and acquiring some property in Kensington and fronting on the Delaware, he began the building of wooden vessels and steamboats. In 1860 the changes that had taken place in marine architecture induced the firm to discontinue the construction of wooden craft and devote its attention entirely to iron vessels, in which branch of ship-building it has made a reputation familiar to every maritime country in the world. The Cramps furnished the government during the rebellion with a number of ironclads and other vessels, including the famous iron-clad frigate *New Ironsides*, which rendered such effective service in Charleston Harbor. In addition to the war ships actually built at their yard, they also refitted many others. On taking the contract to build the *Pennsylvania*, *Ohio*, *Indiana*, and *Illinois* for the American Steamship Company, more room was needed, and a large tract of land in Kensington, having a river-frontage of 700 feet, was acquired, and the work of building their great ship-yard at the foot of Beach and Laurel streets was begun.



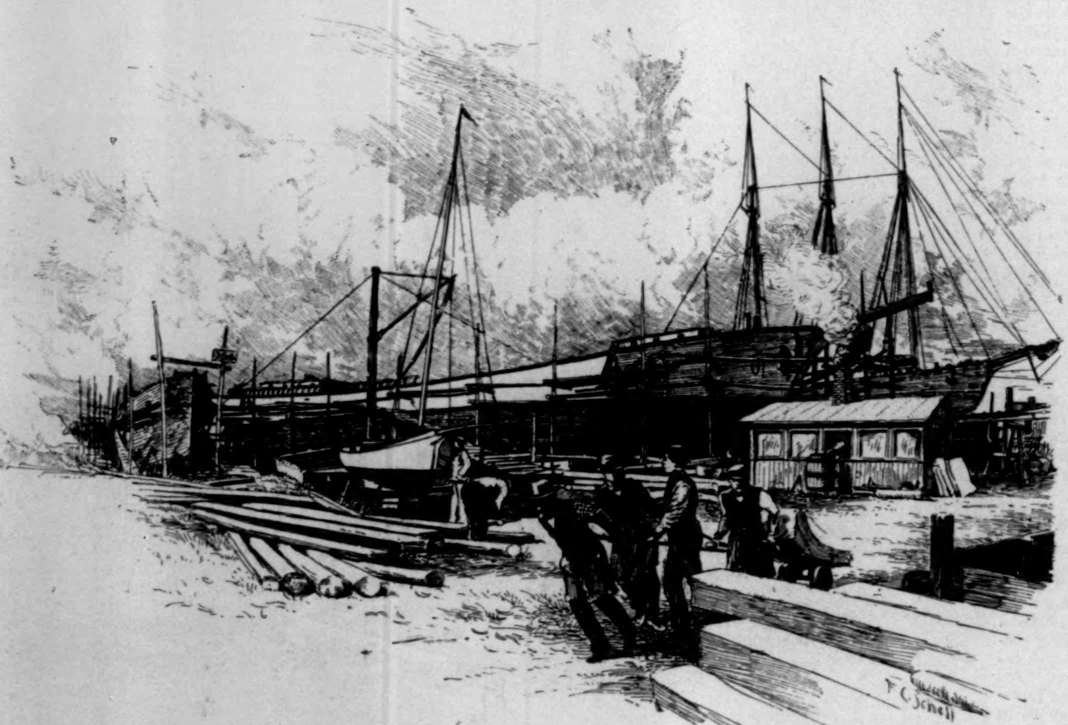
WILLIAM CRAMP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.

In 1876 the Russian officials who were visiting the Centennial Exhibition were so impressed by what they saw at the Cramps' yard that they persuaded the Czar's government to send the corvette *Craysser* there to be overhauled. Subsequently, when the war cloud hung over the Orient, and Britain sent her fleet to Constantinople to take care of the "sick man of Turkey," Russia built three more vessels at the Cramps' yard, the *Europa*, *Asia*, and *Zabiaca;* they also altered several other vessels into commerce-destroyers; but the "Peace with Honor Congress" at Berlin brought these foreign contracts to an abrupt close. In 1871 the concern became an incorporated company, having lately increased its capital to $5,000,000, of which $3,940,000 is paid up. They have also recently acquired by purchase the Port Richmond Iron-works of J. P. Morris & Co., which adjoin their plant in Kensington, and have thus secured a very old-established engine-building plant, which greatly increases their facilities in that direction. The plant at present covers about 15 acres and employs 2000 men, which will be doubled in the near future; they also own 57 acres on the Delaware close to where the Delaware and Schuylkill meet, and within a short distance of the United States Navy-yard at League Island. They also control the William Cramp basin, dry-dock, and marine railway, a short distance below their main plant on Beach Street, containing the largest dry-dock and ship railway in the country. From a national stand-point the Cramps have become an object of general interest to our whole country and all maritime powers because of their great activity in building up our new navy. They have launched and completed the armored double-turreted Monitor *Terror*, the pneumatic dynamite gun cruiser *Vesuvius*, cruiser *Yorktown*, and the protected cruisers *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, and *Newark*, the last of which has had her official trials and been accepted by Secretary Tracy, and is now at the Cramps' dock awaiting orders to proceed to sea.

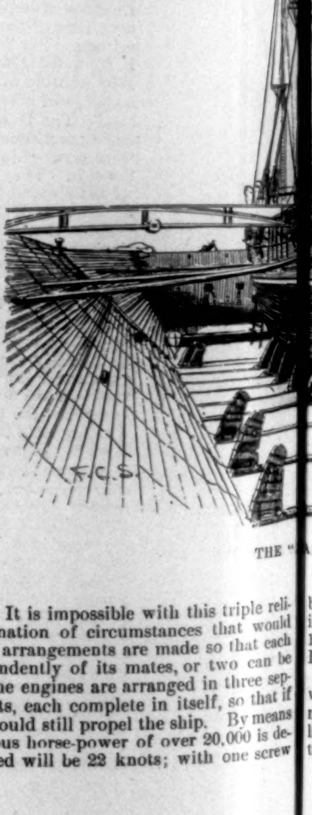
The tour of inspection of this last beautiful addition to our "white fleet" showed the crew giving her the final touches before departing on her cruise; gun-carriages were being overhauled, seams on deck recalked, skylights and platforms being painted, and it was just at that time of day when a savory smell from the galley betrayed the Japanese cooks in the act of preparing the noonday meal for the officers' mess. Those of the crew not employed were squatted sailor fashion about the deck in their canvas overalls and jackets, tailoring and reading and chatting, while the ship's goat, quite officer-like in her dignified carriage, paraded the lee side of the ship, her beard dyed a brilliant green by some loyal Hibernian among the crew in honor of St. Patrick's day.

There are on the stocks now the cruiser *New York*, her keel about two-thirds completed; Cruiser No. 12, or the "Pirate," as she has been nicknamed at the yard, has her keel laid, and some few of her ribs are in place. The writer crawled through the piling and underneath the staging that supports the 8800-ton cruiser *New York*, and then, seated right under her keel-line, on the blocks that supported the vessel, a realizing sense came over him of the veritable grandeur of this monster of the deep, and of the enormous steam-power necessary to propel her through and against the water at twenty knots an hour, with all her complement of stores, men, and ordnance, her six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch guns, besides her masts, barbettes, shields, machine-guns, and all the paraphernalia of a modern man-of-war. Climbing upon one of the ladders, I watched with interest the fastening of her bolts, and the riveters at work deftly hammering into place one red-hot bolt after the other, every stroke bringing nearer to completion what is confidently expected to be the fastest and most powerful protected cruiser afloat. The conflicting elements in naval architecture are battery, armor, endurance upon a given size, and displacement. You create one or the other, and some companion part must suffer. The *New York* has been so designed as to nullify these conflicting interests. She can carry enough coal for a continuous voyage of 13,000 miles *without recoaling;* her armored deck is 3 inches in the flat, with 6-inch slopes; her sides have a complete belt of water-excluding material, and in the wake of her engine spaces 5 inches of armor, while four of her heavy guns are protected by 10-inch barbettes and 7-inch shields. Fighting battle ships, however, is not her business. She is built to clear the sea of an enemy's commerce; and not only his commerce, but any *commerce-destroyer* he may send out. She is thus both a *commerce-protector* and a *commerce-destroyer* of the highest efficiency. Four such ships distributed in various quarters would put an effectual stop to the depredations of as many fleets of ordinary cruisers.

For general purposes of service in war she is believed to have a wider field of usefulness than any other ship yet designed for our navy. The contract price for the *New York* is $2,985,000. Her keel was laid September 30, 1890, and the contract requires that the vessel shall be completed and ready for delivery to the United States on or before January 1, 1893, and with a given speed of 20 knots an hour—sufficient to enable her to overtake the vast majority of all ships of the world, naval or mercantile. The "Pirate," which is building so close to the *New York* that the wooden stagings almost touch, is absolutely without parallel among war ships. Her displacement is 7400 tons. Her battery will be composed of one 8-inch 40-calibre rifle, two 6-inch rifles, eight 4-inch rapid-firing guns, twenty rapid-firing guns, and six torpedo tubes. The machinery, upon which rests her claim to special honors, consists of three sets of triple-expansion engines, driving three screws, the third screw being placed between and below the other two, and 15 feet farther aft. It is impossible with this triple reliance to conceive of a combination of circumstances that would render the vessel helpless, as arrangements are made so that each screw can be worked independently of its mates, or two can be driven without the third. The engines are arranged in three separate water-tight compartments, each complete in itself, so that if two were disabled, the third could still propel the ship. By means of this machinery the enormous horse-power of over 20,000 is developed. Her maximum speed will be 22 knots; with one screw



MONSTER FOUR-MASTED SCHOONER AT JACKSON & SHARP'S YARD, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.



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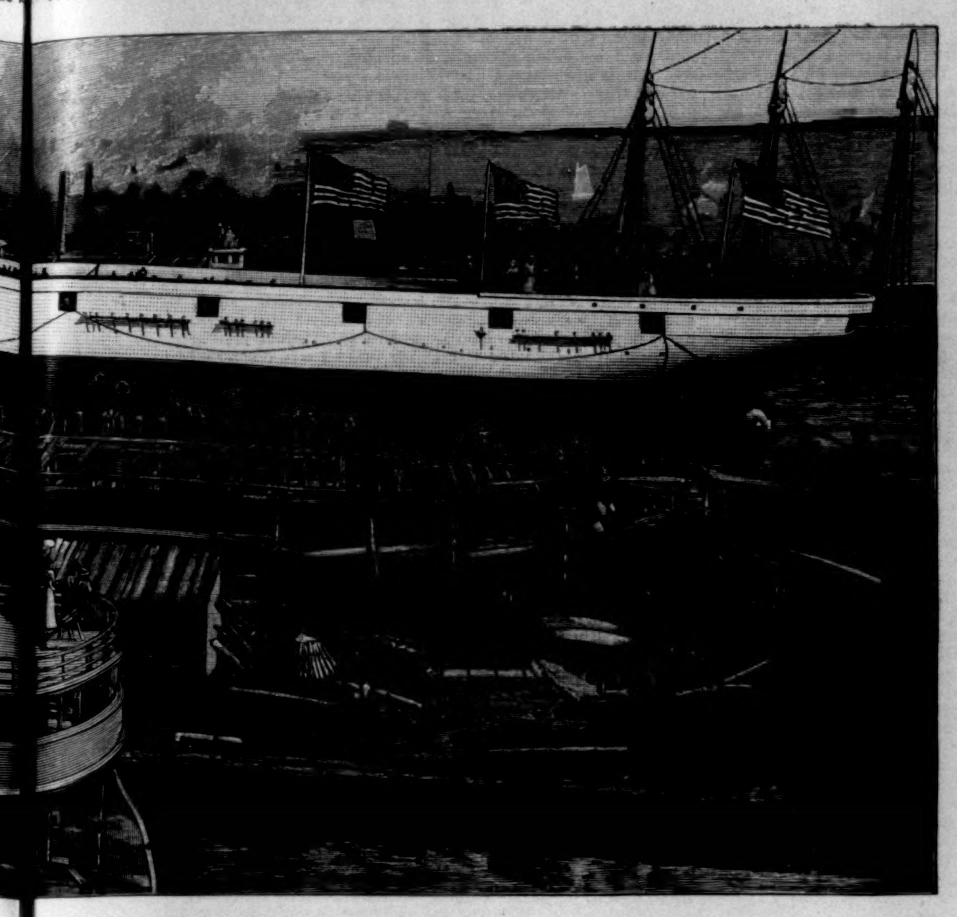
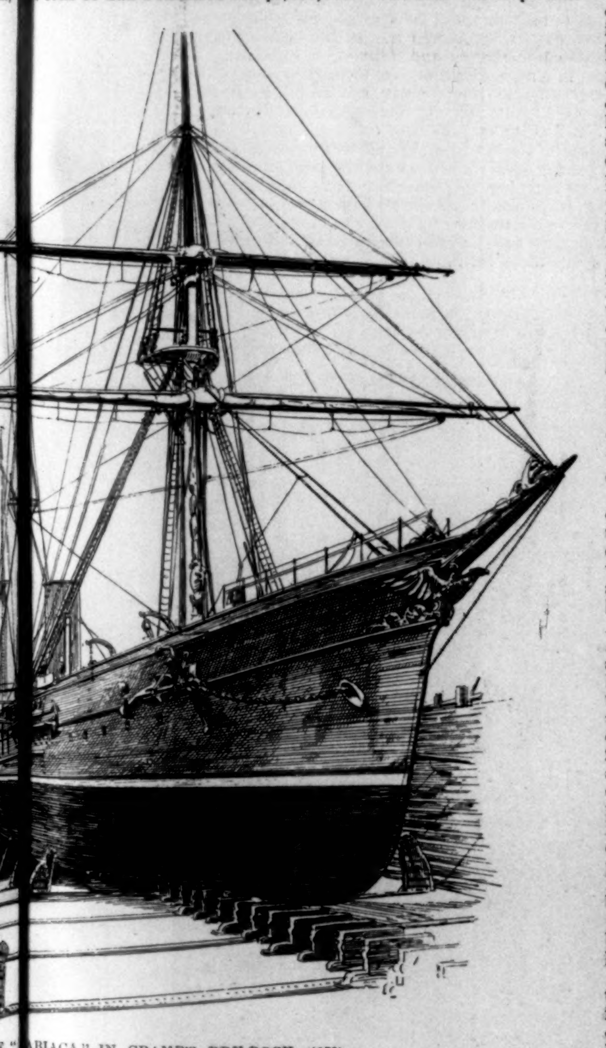


FROM CRAMP'S YARD IN 1864.

nd one-third power, 15 knots; two screws and two-thirds power, 8–19; and a sustained average of 21. Finally, the coal capacity of his ship has been fixed at 2000 tons, which, at 10 knots an hour, vill give her an endurance of 103 days, or a radius of action of 5,520 knots. Her contract price is $2,725,000, and she is to be eady for delivery, everything complete, by May, 1893. The two attle ships, each to be of 10,000 tons displacement, are contracted or at $6,040,000, the third having been awarded to the Union Iron-Vorks of San Francisco for $3,180,000. The four war ships thus building by the Cramps for the navy aggregate $11,750,000. Now if Italy can only be induced to postpone her warlike intentions until 1893, when we will be ready for her, our new navy building on the Delaware will be quite able to take good care of us.



E "ABIACA" IN CRAMP'S DRY-DOCK (1879).

In connection with the evolution of ship-building, hand in hand with it goes engine-building. In point of fact it is the grandeur of modern ship-engine building that has brought about these giant hulls. It is not within the limits nor the province of this article to enter upon a discussion of the steam engine as applied to steamships, but the outline given above of the machinery on Cruiser No. 12 of what modern applied mechanics can do is an admirable point in evidence of what the engines must have been that went into the new *New Ironsides*, launched by the Cramps during the war of the rebellion; she steamed eight knots an hour, and as she was the first *armored man-of-war* ever built, she was the wonder of naval architects and of the great naval powers.

Perhaps it may be interesting to know that the *New Ironsides* serves as almost an exact model for our protected cruisers. She was called in those days a frigate; she was, indeed, an armored or belted cruiser, built of wood, of course, but "protected" by an outer shell of armor. The Cramps began work upon her in May, 1864, and launched her ready for business in October of the same year. The *New Ironsides* and Ericsson gave birth to the present navies of the world.

Besides the government work going on at the Cramps' yard, they have also the *Pennsylvania* and *Illinois* of the American Line, which are being thoroughly overhauled, and also being supplied with triple-expansion engines; the amount of space thus gained over their old type of engines will yield each ship an additional carrying capacity of nearly four hundred tons. A tour through this ship-yard is certainly an impressive event; you see piece by piece these great ships gradually being moulded together; every man seems to know his place and his work; there can be no idlers where twelve millions are at stake.

The Cramps have launched up to date over two hundred vessels of all sizes and descriptions, from steam-tugs to men-of-war, including Jay Gould's yacht *Atalanta*, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, the Coney Island boats *Cetus*, *Pegasus*, *Perseus*, and *Taurus*, the Red "D" Line steamships between New York and Venezuela, the Clyde Line boats to Savannah, etc., etc. It is a great industrial establishment, founded by an American mechanic, maintained by his descendants in the same broad spirit of economy, enterprise, and integrity, and of which Philadelphia and the whole country can well be proud. Mr. Charles H. Cramp is now the head and front of this great concern. There is one other iron-ship yard at Philadelphia, that of Neafie & Levy. This is an old-established firm, having begun business in 1838 as Reaney, Neafie, & Co. Their plant does not permit them to build the very largest ships, but they turn out excellent work, and are especially well known as builders of very fine engines. They have recently launched for Mr. W. W. Durant the steam-yacht *Utawana*. Mr. Durant expects to make a trip around the world in his boat, but what the foreigners will do with that name, "Utawana," and how she will be reported, is a question, especially when the simple name "Ohio" was generally spoken of in England as a "*hO, a hH, and a bloomin' I O!*"

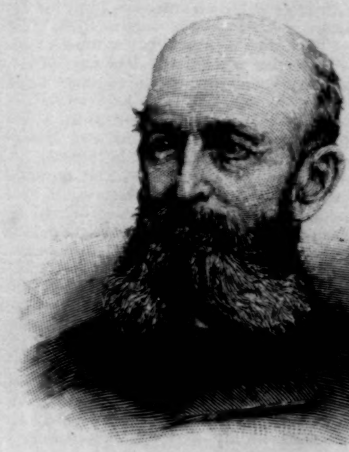
The only surviving wooden-ship yard is that of the Charles Hillman Ship and Engine Building Company. Founded in 1848 by John Birely, it became, in 1864, Birely, Hillman, & Streaker. They have always borne an excellent reputation as good shipwrights, but are now principally concerned in building tugs of all descriptions, and in repairs to wooden vessels.

The government of the United States has always, from the building of its first navy, recognized the advantages of Philadelphia as a ship-building centre. In 1800 several lots of ground were purchased in Southwark, and additional ones in 1801. The first keel laid there was the 74-gun frigate *Franklin*, launched August 25, 1815. Among the other famous vessels built at the old navy-yard, and indissolubly linked with the history of our country, are the ship-of-the-line *Pennsylvania*, 126 guns; steam-propeller *Arctic*, of Kane's polar expedition; *Lancaster*, 22 guns; *Yantic*, *Tonawanda*, *Omaha*, and *Quinnebaug*. Besides these government-built vessels, there were the frigate *United States*, built by Joshua Humphrey in 1797; the frigate *Philadelphia*, also constructed by Humphrey, but presented by citizens of Philadelphia in 1799—both these were built in Southwark; last but not least, *Guerriere*, of immortal memory, built by Joseph Grise, in Kensington, and launched, June 28, 1814.

The building of the navy-yard in the southern section of the city induced the founding of a number of private ship-yards in the neighborhood; but they soon drifted up to Kensington; the last to remain were the Simpsons, with their old-time dry-dock. On the presentation of League Island by the city of Philadelphia to the United States government for a navy-yard, it was determined to dispose of the old yard at auction, the Pennsylvania Railroad being the purchaser for $1,000,000. The navy-yard was removed to League Island, January 7, 1876, since which time the Philadelphia Congressmen have vainly endeavored to induce Congress to keep its pledges, and establish a great naval ship-yard, but so far without success; possibly the Delaware ship-builders are not consumed by an ardent longing for a government yard, with a government day of eight hours, on the river.

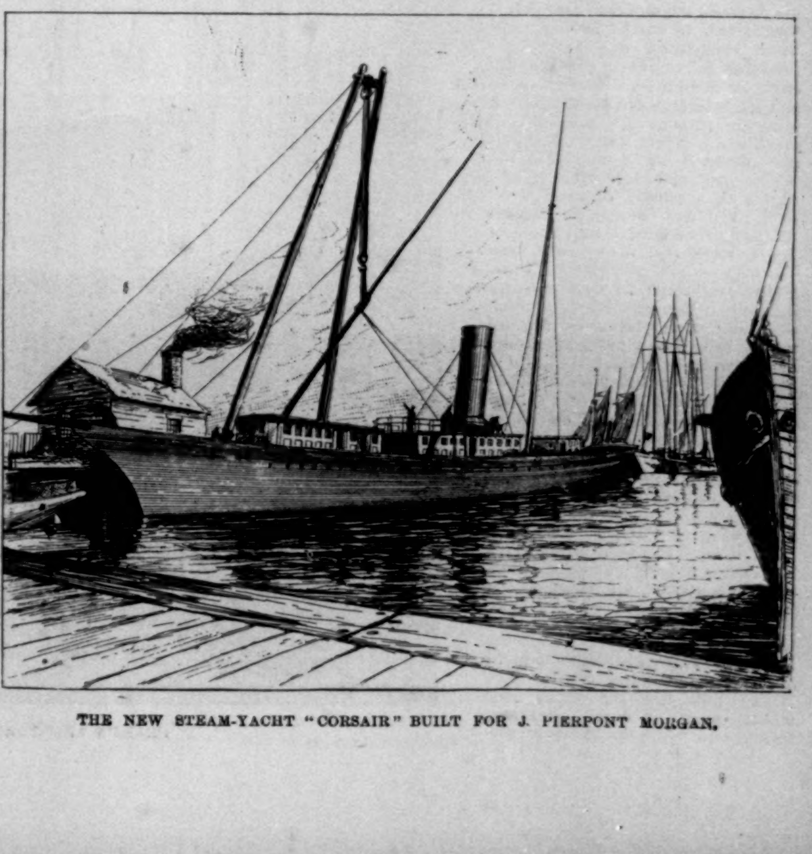
Wilmington and Chester are the other two important ship-building centres on the Delaware. In Wilmington the industry is as old as her existence. The two principal ship-building concerns in the "Peach-Tree" State are the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. and the Jackson & Sharp Co., both, by a curious combination of industries, car-builders as well as shipwrights. The Swedes landed in the Delaware in 1638, upon the site of part of the plant of the Jackson & Sharp Co. The foundations of their fort are plainly visible, and Trinity Church, erected by them in 1698, with its squat belfry tower and rough stone walls, is only a stone's-throw from the Jackson & Sharp Co.'s counting-house. Wilmington's ship industries, strange to relate, were founded and have remained upon the banks of the narrow and tortuous streams the Christiana and the Brandywine, and not upon the deep waters of the Delaware, which flow along the eastern front of the city.

As early as 1642 they were building shallops and small trading-vessels in New Sweden, and one of the laws of the new colony stipulated that all the commerce of their port should be carried on only in vessels of their own building, a restriction that might be more widely applied to the present day. The first vessel for the foreign trade launched at Wilmington was the brig *The Wilmington*, of 150 tons, built in 1740 by W. Shipley, D. Ferris, and others, and intended for the West Indian trade. This brig made a number of successful voyages, and was no doubt the first vessel of over 100 tons built upon the river. The war of the Revolution, and later the rebellion, destroyed most of her commerce and most of her wooden-ship-yards, but brought into prominence her facilities for iron-ship building. The Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., the largest of all Wilmington's industries, was founded in 1836 as Betts & Pusey, as Betts, Pusey, & Harlan in 1837, and in 1841, on Mr. Pusey's retirement, Elijah Hollingsworth, formerly a foreman at the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, was admitted as a partner, and the firm became Betts, Harlan, & Hollingsworth, and incorporated in 1867 as the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. There are at present no members of either the Harlan or Hollingsworth families in the concern, Mr. John Taylor Gause being president, having worked himself up from messenger-boy to his present proud position; Mr. H. T. Gause is vice-president; and both these gentlemen are near relatives of the poet Bayard Taylor. The first work of the concern was car-building, the ship-yard not being added until four years later. Their plant covers an area of 75 acres, being the largest ship-yard in the world, with 70 shops and buildings upon it, and a dry-dock 340 feet long, capable of docking a vessel drawing 14 feet; 2000 men find employment there, the pay-roll amounting to between $30,000 and $40,000 per week. The Harlan & Hollingsworth concern is the *oldest iron steamboat and steamship building company* in the United States. They are well known as builders of first-class, reliable ships, honest in construction, and stanch to the last degree.

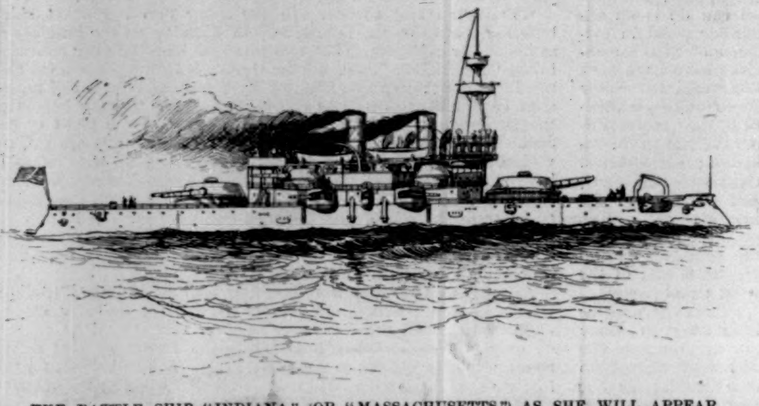


CHARLES H. CRAMP.

During the war of the rebellion they built and repaired many Monitors for the United States government, among the latter being the *Patapsco*, *Saugus*, and *Napa*. The concern has not been able to take part in the building of the new navy, with the exception of



THE NEW STEAM-YACHT "CORSAIR" BUILT FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN.



THE BATTLE SHIP "INDIANA" (OR "MASSACHUSETTS") AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

the double-turreted Monitor *Amphitrite*, as they are compelled to launch all their craft on the Christiana, which is too narrow and shallow for "commerce destroyers" and battle ships. Mr. Gause expects the government to dredge out and pile up the banks of the "Christine," after which he believes their concern can launch as large vessels as the Clyde. Perhaps it would be a much surer method of obtaining deep water to move part of their plant to the Delaware front, and not rely upon the river and harbor bill and its log-rolling appropriations. The Harlan & Hollingsworth people are also celebrated steam-yacht builders, having constructed *Nourmahal* for Mr. Astor, *Alva* for Mr. Vanderbilt, *Susquehanna* for Mr. Stickney, *Elysia* for Mr. Flagler, *Elfrida* for Mr. Seward Webb, *Electra* for Mr. Gerry, and *Almy* for Mr. Gallatin. *Susquehanna* and *Almy* are lying at their docks out of commission. The latter is probably the most expensively fitted up yacht in the world; she has also proved herself very speedy, steaming eleven knots an hour under natural draught, and burning only five and a half tons of coal a day—a remarkable record. They have now on the stocks a 300 feet long propeller for the Merchants and Miners' Transportation Company almost ready for launching, and also a number of other vessels being refitted and repaired. When the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company make their ship-building contracts, they usually contract to deliver the vessel all ready for sea, excepting her provisions. Their facilities are so great, the plant so complete, that they can fit out every part of any kind of ship; plumbing, upholstering, joiner and cabinet work, boilers, steel plates, engines, electric lights, masts, rigging, all but the sails, are made in their own yard, and a walk through this busy place is an unusually interesting one to the thoughtful observer. One of the great sources of the success and continued prosperity of this concern lies in the fact that its founders and all those connected with its present organization have been and are mechanics, "working-men" in the fullest sense of the word; and as a result of this we see a highly perfected business concern whose career is a splendid example of the American mechanic's energy and genius.

Their neighbors, the Jackson & Sharp Company (established in 1863), are the other extreme in the ship-building line, constructing wooden vessels only, mostly four-masted schooners of large tonnage, one on the stocks now registering 1800 tons. The competition of steam has forced naval architects and those interested in wooden sailing ships to devise some means to meet this business rivalry. We therefore see the square-rigged vessels relegated to obscurity, excepting, perhaps, for very long voyages, and the fore-and-aft schooner-rigged craft, with four or five masts, taking their place. On a voyage around the "capes," a schooner-rigged vessel, because of her excellent pointing qualities, can save, with favorable winds, 800 or 900 miles on the voyage. The average time for completing a 1500-ton four-masted schooner, all ready for sea, is about six months; formerly it took a year to build a 500-ton brig. Then everything was handwork, now they cut out every plank in the craft by machinery; then the adze and the broadaxe did the work, now it is the circular saw and planing machines. Even the "treenails" are prepared by a machine, the decks are planed, surfaced, and edged by a marvel of mechanical skill. Six men, one engineer, and the proper machinery can turn out better work and more work than 150 men without machinery. Such is the revolution in wooden ship-building. The question of apprentices, or "bound boys," as they are tersely called, is a perplexing one. In wet weather or slack times these boys could be put to planing decks or chopping out knees, and a hundred and one odds and ends that needed to be done in-doors for the "skeleton on the stocks," but modern science has forestalled this condition of things, and the foreman is frequently put to his wits' end to know what to do with his "bound boys" to keep them out of mischief. The cost of a 1500-ton wooden four-masted schooner, all complete, is about $45.000. The cost of labor and material is a trifle higher than in the Maine ship-yards, but the Delaware shipwright claims to build a stancher and better vessel. The Maine folk use too many soft woods, such as birch, chestnut, spruce, etc., while the Delaware sea-coast white oak is the stand-by in all the wooden ship-yards on the Delaware.

The sea-coast oak is chosen in preference to its inland fellow because of its greater toughness and superior size. During the rebellion the government always stipulated for sea-coast white oak, and so great was the demand, that when the war was over the forests on the Delaware peninsula — that peninsula bounded by the Delaware and Chesapeake bays — was deemed to have been completely stripped of timber available for ship-building purposes. But the supply seems inexhaustible, as no difficulty is encountered to-day in securing timbers for their great ships. The Jackson & Sharp plant covers 14 acres, 1200 men find employment there, and in the 23 years of ship-building they have launched 163 vessels, of which only one has been lost. Pusey & Jones, also at Wilmington, have quite a fine marine railway, but the vessels they build are mostly stern and side wheel craft of very light draught, expressly designed for the South American trade. There are also some "wooden yards" at Milford, Milton, Odessa, and Lewes, where they build small schooners, oyster-boats, etc., which complete the ship-building industry in Delaware.

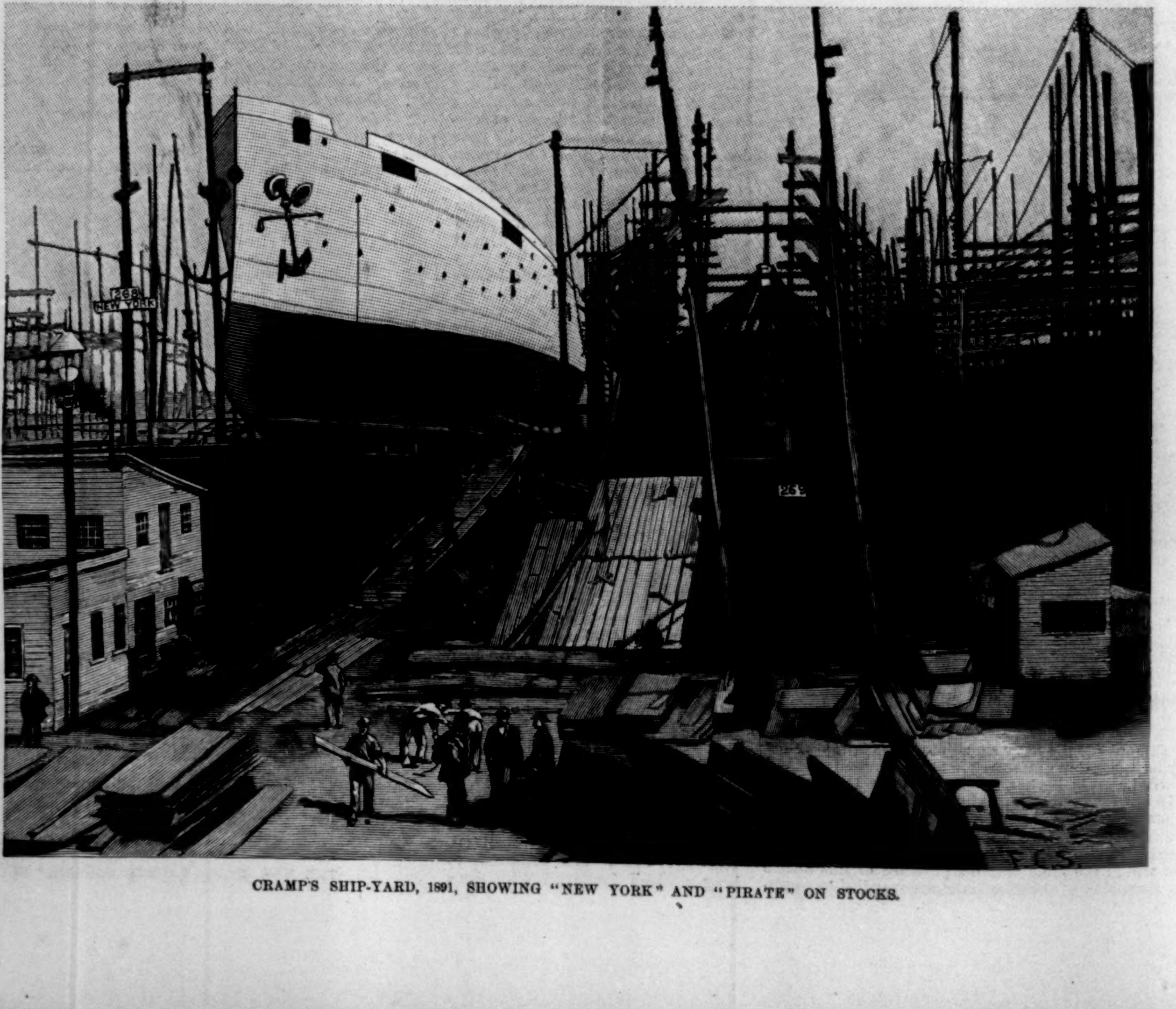
Chester, Pennsylvania, contains the only other great iron-ship yard outside of Philadelphia on the Delaware. Established in 1860 by Reaney, Son, & Archbold, it became in 1871 the Delaware River Iron Ship-building and Engine-Works, John Roach & Sons proprietors. This is a very extensive and complete plant, having the Delaware to launch upon, and therefore able to compete with any ship-yard for the building of vessels of the largest size. They have now on the stocks the sixteenth vessel for the Mallory Line, the *Concho*, of 3000 tons; they have also built ten steamers for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, twelve for Commodore Garrison's old line to Savannah, and a number for the Old Dominion and the Oregon Navigation Company. These works were brought into very general notice by the row that took place between the late John Roach, the Cleveland administration, and more particularly with Secretary of the Navy Whitney, about the completion of the "White Fleet," *i. e.*, *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, and *Dolphin*.

It is not generally known that this contract was made directly with John Roach, and he in turn sublet it to the works of which he was president. The government delayed the acceptance of these vessels, on the ground of sundry imperfections and failure to comply with contract specifications, the result being the financial ruin of Mr. Roach. It is not my province here to enter into a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of this controversy, but it is a deplorable event nevertheless, for while the government finds itself compelled by lack of facilities at the navy-yards to construct most of our new men-of-war at private yards, it would have been well to have kept in the market all the competition possible. The feeling at the Chester Works is exceedingly bitter, and the possibility of a change of administration compels them to decline altogether all overtures to engage in government ship-building. This is a distinct loss to the Navy Department, as the Chester people are the only competitors on the Atlantic seaboard the Cramps have.

The Jersey shore of the Delaware river and bay from Cape May to Trenton has always been engaged in ship-building. Camden is now the centre of this industry. At Haigher's Point John A. Dialogue has quite an extensive iron plant, confining his work to building ocean-going tugs and light-house tenders. At Cooper's Point there are three wooden-ship yards, with several graving-docks. These works confine themselves to large schooners, and to repairing incoming vessels to the port of Philadelphia.

One of the particular causes that has led to the supremacy of the Delaware River as a ship-building centre has always been the character of the men engaged in it. Without an exception, every yard on the river is to-day controlled by practical men, who have risen directly or indirectly from the ranks. Such a thing as a strike in a Delaware River ship-yard is absolutely unknown. The men are contented and prosperous, many of them owning their own little homes, and handing down the trade of ship-building from generation to generation. As an evidence of the esteem these shipwrights were held in, when John Vaughn died in Kensington in 1849, the day of his funeral was converted into one of public demonstration and mourning. The fire and military companies turned out, the houses were closed, business suspended, and the entire population expressed by every possible means their respect for this plain every-day American mechanic. Such men as this, William Cramp, the Vandusens, John Hammitt, Robert Linn, Birely, and others combined to build the industry of ship-building on the Delaware upon an imperishable foundation. The passage by Congress of the Postal Subsidy Bill will only indirectly benefit the ship-builder. Its provisions shut out of all benefit from it all sea-going steamers of less than 1500 tons and 12 knots an hour speed, and to these the subsidy is only 66⅔ cents per mile. There are very few American-built foreign-going steamers of over 3000 tons. The four American liners built by the Cramps, and before mentioned, are 3350 tons, the only ones afloat of this size of American registry, and they are only 10-knot ships.

However, the passage of this bill by Congress is an encouraging sign that something may be hoped from government protection to American shipping, whereas the past has been chiefly productive of Congressional reverence for the "prairie schooner" and the "schooner with froth." It has always been a marvel that the government should be entirely satisfied to pay for mail transportation to the water's edge, and not beyond. But perhaps the Postal Subsidy Bill is the precursor of more enlightened legislation favorable to American shipping and ship-building interests. At all events, it is an important step towards the breaking down of an absurd prejudice against "subsidies," more especially concerning ships. England has not only fostered her commerce by subsidies of various kinds, but has thereby also established her supremacy as a builder of ships. Give the American mechanic the same policy of government help, and it will not be long before he will build ships as cheaply as his British competitor, and thus once more the American flag will carry to all ports of the world the fame of our ship-yards and ship-builders. It is an every-day cry that England builds "cheaper" ships than we can; so she can in actual dollars and cents; but when a comparison is made as to "quality," it will be found that England's "cheap" ship is a very dear one in the end. He who judges by first cost is necessarily in error. A ship is a machine. What it costs to build a vessel is of much less consequence to the owner than what it will cost to run her and keep her in good condition. Superiority of workmanship is more general in American ships than in English ones. The "crack" transatlantic liners must not be accepted as a standard; inspect, rather, some of the "slop-built" "tramps" that come out seeking cargoes, and compare them with the American ships of the same tonnage and relative cost, and the expert and candid observer will award the palm of superiority to the one carrying the American flag. In speed, both as to wooden ships and iron ones, we have always been their superiors, and in the matter of carrying capacity and sailing qualities, American naval architects and mechanics have distanced all competitors for more than a century.



CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD, 1891, SHOWING "NEW YORK" AND "PIRATE" ON STOCKS.

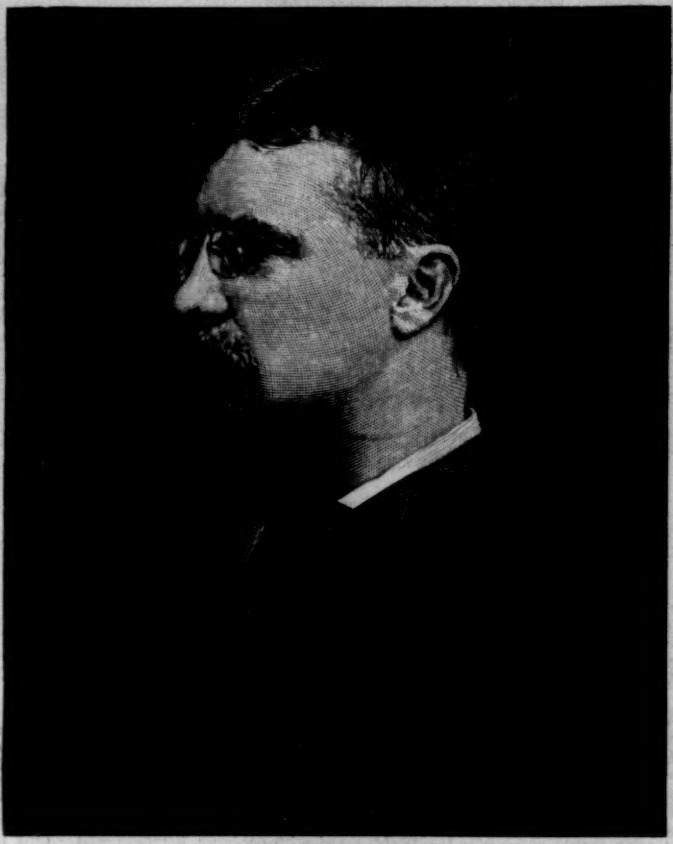
YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.

A LITTLE while ago I heard a lad of seventeen, who, of course, ought still to have been at school, but who had been in business for three months, say that he found that he must change his occupation, as he had learned that it took at least eight years for any one to master the details of the business in which he was employed and to amount to anything in it. This was amusing to me, if it was not to the boy, for I was convinced that a man who at twenty-five, or even thirty-five, amounted to anything much above the average had not only shown exceptional ability, but had been aided by rare good fortune. Time was, a few generations ago, when competition was not as great as it is now, that the generality of quite young men had more opportunity to rise rapidly than is now possible. It may be that in the professions not so much thoroughness was required as is now expected. Few men in the great cities accomplish a great deal unless they take up special branches of their professions. For instance, a lawyer devotes himself to the criminal practice, or to real-estate law, or to the law of corporations; a doctor studies the eye and ear or the nervous system, or takes up surgery as a specialty; a railroad man—this is a new profession—adopts the mechanical or the executive side of the business, and so on and so on. It is the specialist in nearly every calling that is making improvements and gaining personal distinction. Notwithstanding the difficulties which now hinder the quick advancement of young men, some there are in every community who have gained high places, and hold them with ease and authority. This is especially so in New York, which in time, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, draws many of the best men from the smaller cities. There are a score or more of young men in the first rank, but for the purpose of this article a dozen or so have been selected from various fields of labor. The brief biography of each will show whence he sprung and how he became worthy to be placed in this company, while his portrait will, to an extent at least, add in showing what manner of man he is. In this article we include a lawyer and politician, a lawyer pure and simple, a playwright, a musician, a surgeon, an artist, two railroad executives, a writer and politician, one editor, story-writer, and poet, a preacher, and an architect. Two of these young men, Mr. Walter Damrosch, the musician, and Mr. George J. Gould, the railroad executive, have been somewhat assisted in their careers by the high position held by the father of each; and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the writer and politician, was aided in the outset by a large fortune; but all three of them have proven themselves worthy to hold the responsible positions they have attained, and therefore it would scarcely be fair to let such accidental advantages count against them. The rest of the gentlemen have, I believe, been assisted by nothing save personal ability. The ages of these gentlemen range from twenty-five to forty-two, and the hard work each has done to attain such measure of distinction as is accorded to him should inspire my young friend of seventeen to stick to his business, and feel that he will be lucky indeed if at twenty-five, or forty-five, for that matter, he amounts to anything.

It is interesting to note that six of these thirteen young men are college-bred, and three of those who were more or less self-educated were thrown entirely upon their own resources while they were still boys.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who is not yet thirty-three years old, comes of a wealthy and distinguished New York family.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

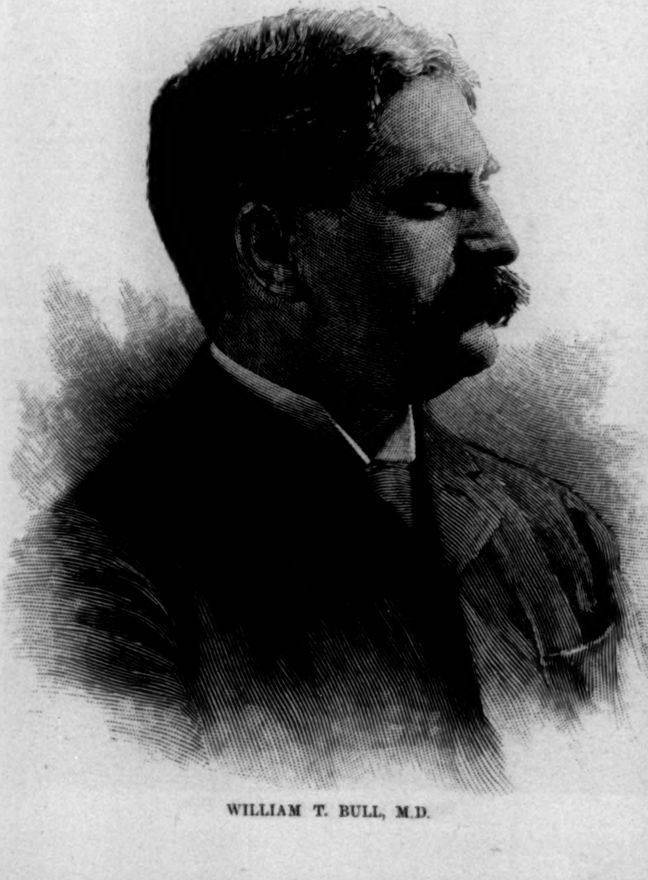
He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1880, and two years later entered into politics with all the vim and ardor of youth. In 1882 he was elected to the New York Assembly, and again in 1883 and 1884. From the first he made himself felt in that body, and he was always a zealous and uncompromising opponent of the unclean jobs which are continually appearing in that legislative assembly. After his second election he was the leader of the Republican minority, and was his party's candidate for Speaker. This was certainly rapid advancement for a young man of twenty-five, only three years away from the classic precincts of Cambridge. In the Legislature of 1884 he was chairman of the Committee on Cities and chairman of the special investigating committee. In the latter capacity Mr. Roosevelt says very candidly himself that he thinks he did the best service he ever rendered to the State. His effort to get Judge Westbrook impeached, though not successful, probably had a very beneficial restraining influence upon some other members of the judiciary. But even above this he counts of value the passage of the measure by which the confirming power of New York city's Mayor's appointments was taken away from the Board of Aldermen. If New York city ever has a good government, it will probably be by concentration of power in the hands of one man, who can be held responsible by the people. Sometimes there is a good Mayor in New York and sometimes a bad one; this is as the people exert themselves; but the Board of Aldermen is always bad. Such was the problem which confronted this youthful legislator, and he attacked it with manly fearlessness. Mr. Roosevelt's political career did not stop here. As a delegate to the National Republican Convention where the "third-term men," under the late Roscoe Conkling, attempted to force the nomination of General Grant upon the party, young Mr. Roosevelt stood up and contested every point with that imperious Senator, who in the end was defeated in his fight. Mr. Roosevelt's next appearance in politics was as the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York against Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and Mr. Henry George. He was badly beaten in this race. When Mr. Harrison became President, Mr. Roosevelt was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and he is now serving in that capacity. His intrepid activity in this field has brought him more or less in conflict with the political spoilsmen of both parties; but he pursues his work bravely and gayly, caring for neither hostility nor favor.

This political career, it would seem, should have been enough to occupy the ten active years of a wealthy young man, fond of pleasure and sport. But he has done other things too, and also achieved a reputation as a mighty hunter. He has killed every kind of game to be found in the United States, and has led the active life of a ranchman in the Northwest. But this was for pleasure, as was also probably his many interesting writings descriptive of ranch life and the pursuit of big game. These articles, many of which first appeared in the magazines, have been embodied in two charming books, *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, and *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. But he has done more serious literary work. He has written several of the volumes in Mr. Freeman's "Historic Town Series," and has published two historical volumes on the *Winning of the West*. This work Mr. Roosevelt intends to continue several volumes further, and to bring the story down to 1850, or thereabouts, when we had gained all of our present territory. To properly tell how our people conquered this continent is a vast undertaking, and to present the whole story in a concrete form will be a most valuable contribution to history.

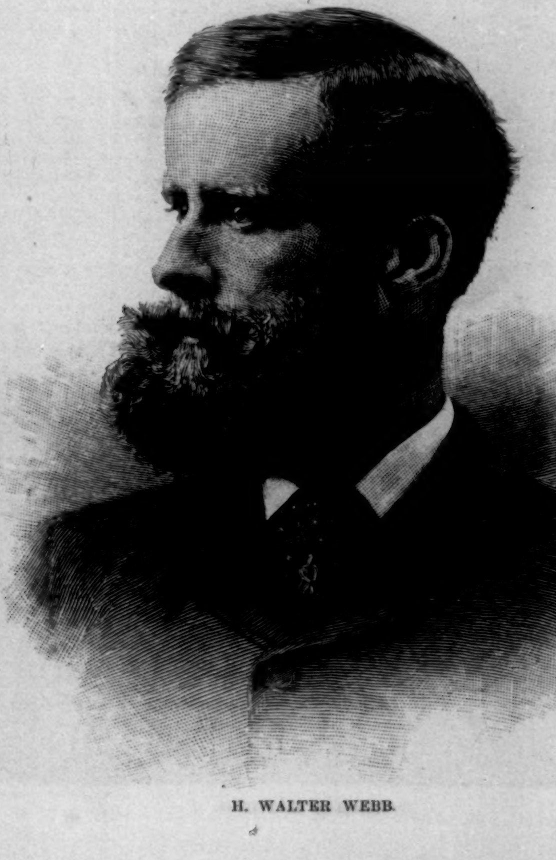
Mr. Roosevelt is the president of the Boone and Crockett Club, of New York, a company of big-game hunters, and an honorary member of the London Alpine Club. He keeps up his father's valuable work in the State Charities Aid Association, and also in the New York newsboys' lodging-houses. He lives, when not in Washington, near Oyster Bay, on Long Island, at a beautiful place, surrounded on three sides by water, called "Sagamore Hill." There he has his hunting trophies and his library. It is a most charming place for retirement after the bustle and worry of public life.

H. WALTER WEBB.

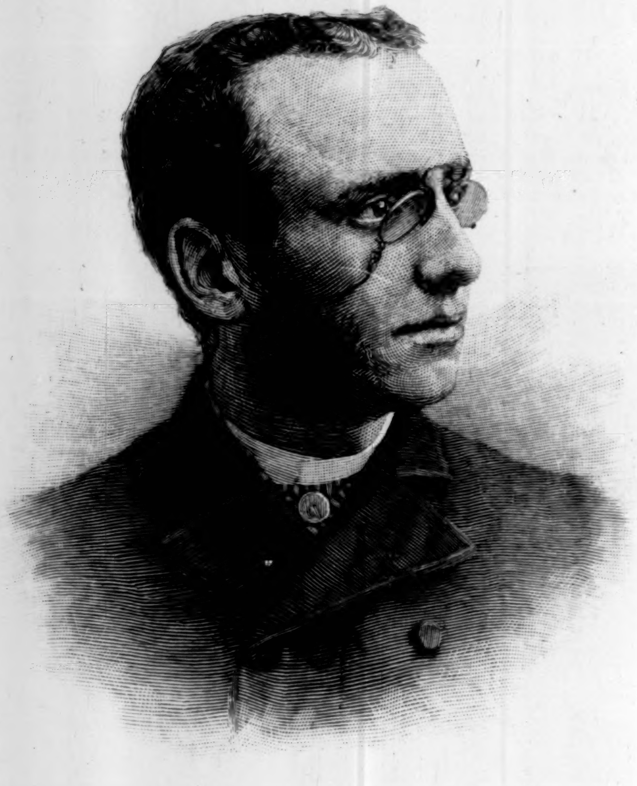
Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the New York Central Railroad, went abroad last summer, as is his custom, and the employés of the road took this opportunity to strike. "Dr. Depew will have to come back," every one said. But Dr. Depew remained at Homburg, and H. Walter Webb took charge of the strike, which threatened to involve millions, and brought the company out of it safely, and became famous in New York city in consequence. Dr. Depew can continue to take his well-earned holidays abroad with an easy mind.



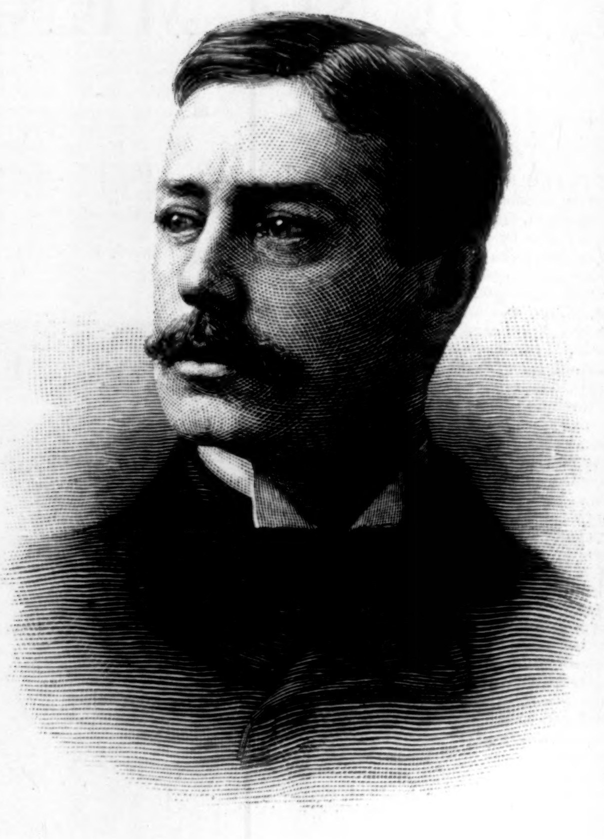
WILLIAM T. BULL, M.D.



H. WALTER WEBB.



HENRY C. BUNNER.



DELANCEY NICOLL.

During the sixteen years in which Mr. H. Walter Webb has been in active business he has made three radical changes in his calling. Ordinarily such conduct would have been considered vacillating, and indicative of weakness and irresolution, but the results show that in Mr. Webb's case, at least, he was but moving towards his proper sphere of action. He is a son of the late James Watson Webb, a famous newspaper editor before the war, and a contemporary in journalistic warfare and disputation of Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed. Mr. H. Walter Webb was born in Tarrytown, on the Hudson, in 1853, and was graduated first in his class from the Columbia College School of Mines in 1873. While a student there he went with the famous Orton exploring expeditions to South America in 1871 and 1872. The expedition went up the Amazon almost to its source, coming out in Peru and returning by the Pacific coast. He did not, however, choose the kind of profession to be expected from one who had taken this special course, but when he had finished at the School of Mines, he entered the Columbia College Law School, and was graduated in 1875.

He soon began the practice of the law, and during the seven years devoted to that profession, achieved an enviable reputation as an expert practitioner in matters of real estate. In 1882, however, he abandoned the legal profession in favor of a Wall Street career. In the exciting turmoil of that short and narrow thoroughfare he spent four years, and then moved further up town to become vice-president of the Wagner Palace Car Company, of which his brother, Dr. William Seward Webb, a son-in-law of the late William H. Vanderbilt, was president. Three years later he was made assistant to the president of the New York Central Railroad. In 1890 the position of third vice-president of this great trunk line was created for him, and the duties of the office consisted in the operation of the road. His ability was soon put to a crucial test. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the road, was in Europe during the summer of 1890, and the Knights of Labor availed themselves of his absence to carry out by force several projects, all of which involved the principle that the railroad company should treat with the Knights of Labor as an organization in regard to grievances which any of the employés of the company might have against it.

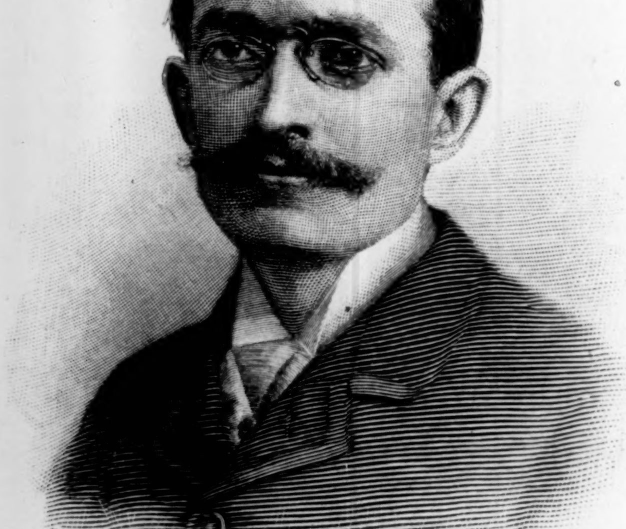
To acknowledge such a principle was simply impossible, for the natural sequence of it was that the administration of the affairs of the company would be taken away from the owners of the property and handed over to an organization which had no property rights in the railroad whatever. In this emergency Mr. Webb acted with coolness, firmness, and courage. He deprecated a strike, but positively refused to treat with the Knights of Labor (as such) at all. Had he, as the responsible officer of the New York Central, given in to the demands made upon him, a precedent would have been established which would have gone far towards creating a revolution in railroad administration in this country. Such action on his part would most certainly have unsettled property values of every kind at once and for some time to follow. But he never flinched from his firm stand, and the strike soon ended in a miserable and cowardly effort to wreck a passenger train between New York and Albany. His action at this time gave him great public prominence, and a first-class rank among railroad men.

Mr. Webb was for four years a member of the New York Board of Education—from 1885 to 1889.

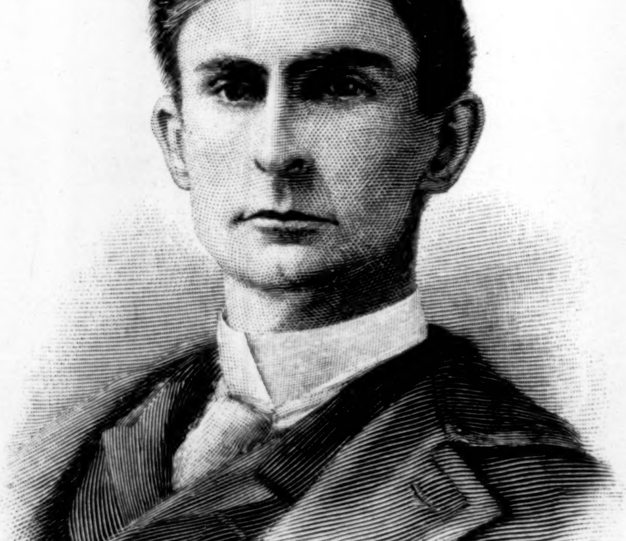
DR. WILLIAM T. BULL.

A doctor who devotes his time almost exclusively to surgery very often becomes very distinguished among his professional brethren without being very well known to the general public. This should not be at this time, at least, for during the past little while surgery, as a science or an art, has made so much progress that the medical side of the profession in comparison seems almost to have stood still. A young surgeon does not have the very best chance in the world to show early in his career what is in him, for in private practice he is usually not sent for, and in the hospitals older and more experienced men look after what they call the "capital cases," that is, serious cases which may involve a loss of life. It is therefore quite extraordinary for a surgeon to achieve a very high position while he is quite a young man. This Dr. William Tillinghast Bull, who is now forty-two years old, did fully ten years ago; and not only that, but in one instance at least he performed a new and original operation, and pointed out a course of action which has been followed by surgeons all over the civilized world. This has enabled other men less bold than he in taking the initiative to save many lives.

Dr. Bull is a native of Rhode Island, whither one of his ancestors went with the Roger Williams colony which settled in Providence. This Henry Bull and six others subsequently purchased the island of "Aquidneck," or Rhode Island, and he was twice Governor of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. As his share of the island he received a large tract of land, at present part of the city of Newport. The estate at the corner of Bull and Broad streets, Newport, still remains in the family, having been transmitted by will from father to son for more than two hundred and fifty years. It now belongs to Dr. Bull's father. Dr. Bull was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1869, and three years later that college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. That same year he was graduated a Doctor of Medicine from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York with high honors, and



THOMAS HASTINGS.



THE REV. THOMAS DIXON, JUN.

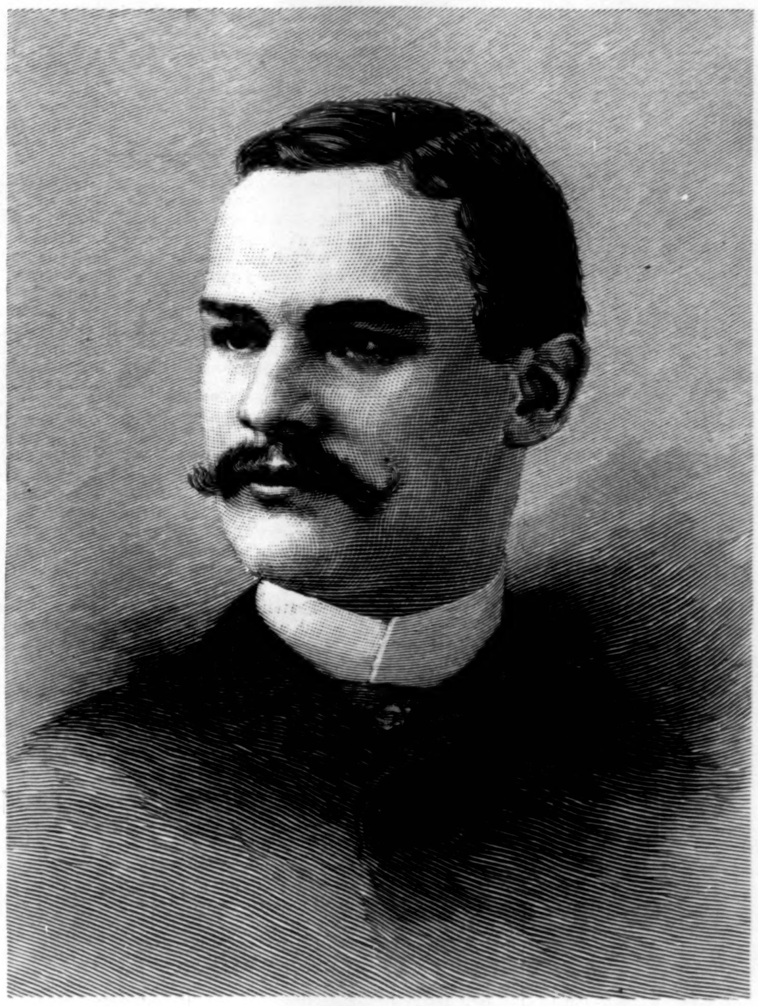
took the first prize for a thesis on "Perityphilites." During his medical course he was also a private pupil of the late well-known Dr. Henry B. Sands.

Dr. Bull now spent a year and a half as the resident surgeon of Bellevue Hospital. Then he went to Europe for two years of study, and in 1875, returning to New York, began the active practice of his profession on his own account. He was the physician in charge of the New York Dispensary for two years, and since has been a trustee of that institution. In 1877 he was placed in charge of the Chambers Street Hospital, a branch of the New York Hospital devoted especially to accident and emergency cases, with active ambulance service. This service he conducted as exclusive attending surgeon, with a staff of several assistants, for eleven years.

It was while he was here that Dr. Bull performed the operation referred to before. Gun or pistol shot wounds in the abdomen had always been regarded as impossible to treat, and the mortality from them during the war of the rebellion was so great that of every one hundred men wounded in the abdomen eighty-seven died. And in hospital practice in the cities the percentage of mortality was almost if not quite as great. One day a woman was brought to the hospital with two pistol wounds in the abdomen. She died, and during the autopsy Dr. Bull came to the conclusion that if laparotomy had been performed—that is, if the abdomen had been opened—the intestines might have been taken out, the damage repaired, the intestines returned, and the woman's life saved. He determined, at any rate, to try such an operation the first favorable opportunity. In a short while a man was brought in wounded somewhat similarly. He performed the operation. It was successful, and the man recovered. The case was reported, and in his profession at least the young surgeon awoke to find himself famous. Since then 165 cases have been reported, and of these sixty-seven per cent. were successful.

I have told of all the hospital places which Dr. Bull has held, because every one knows how hard it is to get these. They are not bestowed upon favorites, but for merit alone. When he gave up the Chambers Street Hospital, he did so to take the larger field of surgical practice in the New York Hospital itself. Meantime he had been for four years attending Surgeon to St. Luke's Hospital, and on retiring was made one of the Consulting Surgeons, a place which he still holds. He is also Consulting Surgeon to the Manhattan Hospital and the Orthopædic Hospital and Dispensary. He is the Surgeon in charge of the Hernia Department of the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled. He is also one of the surgeons of the New York Hospital. But this is not the end of his activities. He is a teacher of anatomy and surgery. After holding several minor positions, he is now Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons—a chair which he holds in common with Dr. Charles McBurney.

This extensive hospital work is chiefly one of charity, but Dr. Bull has an immense practice outside of it, as private patients are sent to him from all over the country. It is safe to say that there is no busier or more active man in the whole of New York than this gifted surgeon, who day by day carves into human flesh with a skill which would seem uncanny were it not in the highest sense beneficent.



GEORGE J. GOULD.

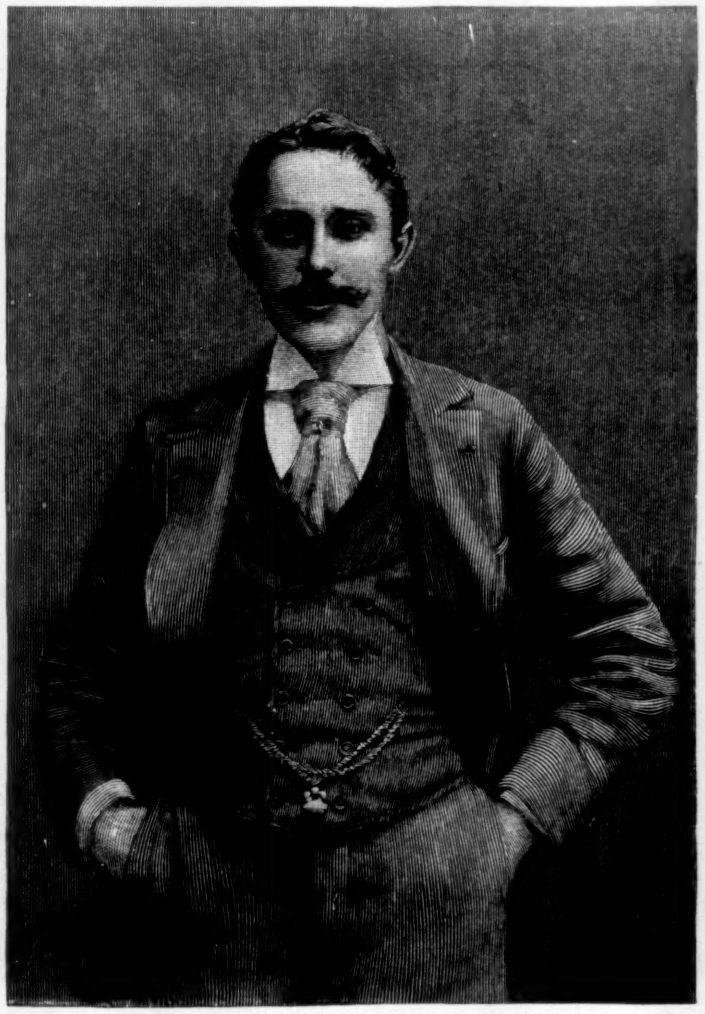
DELANCEY NICOLL.

Mr. Delancey Nicoll, the present District Attorney for the county of New York, is thirty-six years old, and comes of distinguished New York ancestry. One of his forefathers was the first Mayor of New York after the colony became English. He was born at Bayside, Long Island, and was educated at Princeton, from which college he was graduated in 1874. His law studies were completed at Columbia College Law School in 1876, and he immediately began the practice of the law. In 1885 he was appointed an Assistant District Attorney, and very soon thereafter he came very prominently before the public. He conducted the case against Buddensiek, the builder who used such inferior mortar in constructing houses that one of them fell down with fatal results to one or more of the workmen. The builder was convicted, and is still in prison for his offence. He also tried the case against Ferdinand Ward, that remarkable swindler who beguiled many old and shrewd and honored men to go into enterprises which existed in his mind only. In this case he also secured a conviction. He also conducted the case against General Alexander Shaler, who was accused of having accepted a bribe to vote for the selection of a certain site for an armory for State troops. In this case, after a long and hotly contested trial, the jury disagreed.

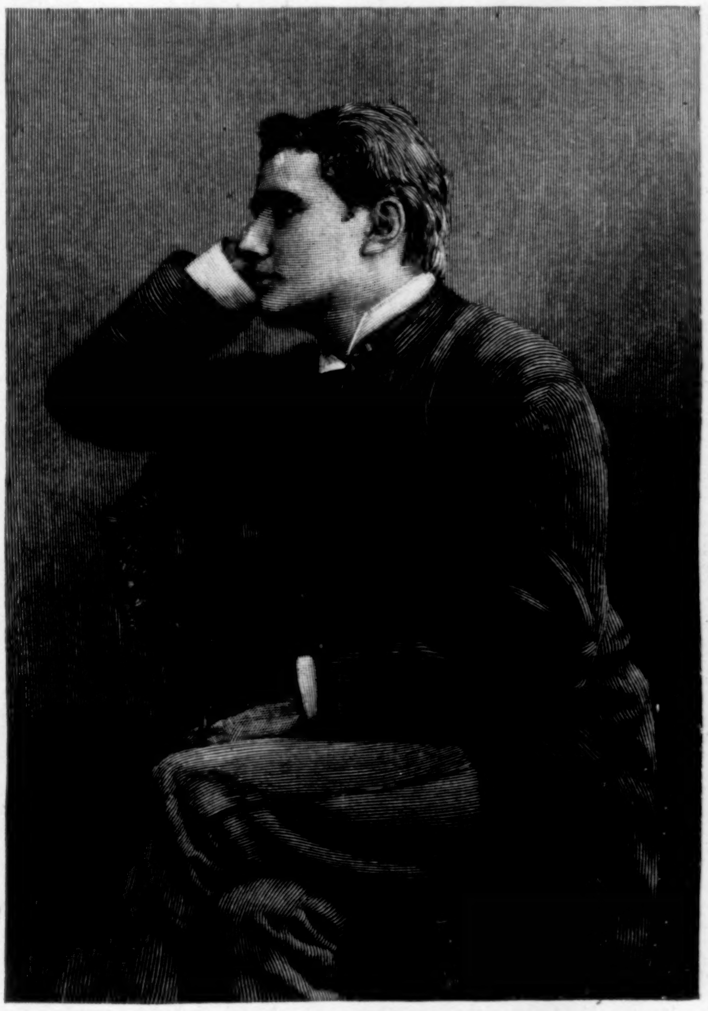
By this time Mr. Nicoll was looked upon by the people of New York as a man able, fearless, and incorruptible, and when the famous cases of the "boodle Aldermen"—they who formed what was called a "combine" to sell the franchise for a street railway in Broadway to the company which would raise the largest corruption fund—came on, the good people of the town felt that their cause was in good hands when it was confined to Mr. Nicoll. It had been always looked upon as wellnigh impossible to convict a public official in New York of bribery. Mr. Nicoll, however, succeeded in convicting four of the Aldermen, and would probably have had justice dealt out to even a larger number had not many of them fled the country when they saw that the charges were not to be neglected in the District Attorney's office. What was more even than the conviction of these miserable Aldermen was the conviction of the man who was the head and front of the company which secured the unclean work to be done. The Aldermen were only political adventurers, whose friends clung to them merely for the sake of sharing in the plunder which was to be secured by practical politics; but this man was rich, and had other rich men associated with him. But he too was convicted, though he died while some legal stay of proceedings was pending.

Another notable conviction which Mr. Nicoll secured was that of Most, the anarchist. This served notice upon such lawless people that though we had great personal freedom here, we also had exact laws, and did not tolerate actions dangerous to the peace of society.

When the term of the District Attorney under whom Mr. Nicoll served was about to expire, it was a very general feeling that Mr. Nicoll should be elected to the place. He had not then, however, become as shrewd a politician as he now is, and the nomination of the Democratic party was given to another. The Republican party, however, together with the Irving Hall branch of the Democracy, put Mr. Nicoll in nomination, and a great mass-meeting was held at Cooper



WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.



WALTER DAMROSCH.